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CANONIZATION OF SAINTS.

Sagesse de L'Eglise Catholique dans la Canonization des Saints, par M. Henri De Bonald. Publiè par Mr. L. F. Guerin. Paris, 1839.

(*Wisdom of the Catholic Church in the Canonization of Saints.* By H. De Bonald. Paris, 1839.)

THE Catholic church has displayed in all her acts the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and by its presence and activity, proved the divinity of her origin. Guided by the unfailing hand of her heavenly Spouse, she has led her children through every doubt and difficulty and trial and danger upon earth, and when, at length, the triumph of their struggles and their faith has been final and complete, she has never ceased to honor them with the tribute of her love and veneration. She has watched over them in life, and in death she has sanctified their virtues, and held them up to the world as models of piety, humility, and zeal. She has proved her claim to the title of *holy* Catholic church, and she need advance no stronger argument to support her right, and the character arising from that right, than the continuous veneration which she has ever loved to bestow upon those who have lived and died in her communion in the odor of sanctity. A superhuman influence has moved her, a divine wisdom has guided and directed her, and in the guidance and direction of that divine wisdom, she has departed from the measure of greatness and worthiness which mere humanity has every where and in all times assumed. The world has always meted out honor and renown to its sons in proportion as they have been great, and learned, and powerful, and veneration and esteem as they have been successful. Its heroes have won their glory by shedding human blood, by the ruin and devastation of cities, and provinces, and empires. Its great potentates are too often only remembered for their crimes, and renowned for their tyranny and oppression; these it immortalizes with its hate. The benefactors of their kind, the humble and unobtrusive philanthropist, it consigns to oblivion. It is the memory of the mighty, the terrible, the magnificent alone, that the world condescends to perpetuate; for it is only that which strikes the mind of man with force and potency that is remembered, while a thousand more useful but less astounding things are forgotten. The blaze of the burning cottage is seen in the darkness afar off, while the humble light of the faithful lantern that guides the steps of the weary wanderer on his dim and unknown path, is lost and dissipated by distance.

Not of such are the heroes whom the church has delighted to honor; not of such

are her mighty and powerful; no such lurid light of destruction do they cast upon the present from their ages past; but the calm, clear flame of their pure charity, and burning love, and holy life, sends forth upon the whole world its wondrous light, caught and reflected back upon the author and centre of such light, the Saviour of the world. She has not looked to the great ones of earth for her heroes, nor to the wise for her sages, nor to the rich, and brave, and powerful, for the patrons and protectors of her children. Had human motives, or worldly wisdom, or earthly policy entered into the councils of the church, and been the moving principle in the veneration and canonization of her saints, she would doubtless have followed out the example which had been set her by the world in all ages. She would have selected for her heroes and great ones the powerful of earth, the high in rank, the dignified in place and station. These are the titles and possessions that win this world's honor and respect. By this policy she might, perhaps, have gathered around her the influential of earth—its sovereigns and its rulers. Had she sought to accumulate power and influence, these she would have made her remembered ones. Human motives would have resorted to human means, and the desire of power and profit would have induced her to confer exclusive honor upon those from whose favor power and profit might be expected to flow. She would have cast the halo of human glory round the name of saint, and the title to its possession would have been wealth and dominion. But the dim halo of human glory only lingers round the names of the stern conqueror and crowned king, the legislator, patriot, statesman, and philosopher. And to none of all these did she turn. If among her saints there are to be found the names of kings, and warriors, and sages, and dignitaries, it is because in their power they were just, in their success they were merciful, in their prosperity they were pious, in their elevation they were meek and lowly of soul; because they were great as if they had not been great, rich as if they had been poor, powerful as if they had been cast down, and wise in the simplicity of their hearts; because they were meek in spirit, patient under every trial, submissive to the will of the Most High; because, in deed and in truth, they were like to the humblest of the children and servants of the church. Many of them, too, had cast aside their vain distinctions and unmeaning earthly rank, to clothe themselves in the garb of the beggar, and renounced the splendor of their stations to endure the mortified life of the pilgrim or the hermit. Not then for their rank or station, or their earthly deeds, were they revered, but because, in spite of all these, they had been true and humble followers of Christ. Not one of these, perhaps, would the church have selected for her honor, had her motives been human; and, after all, these were not the most favored or successful among the children of the world. Their virtue, their piety and humility, too often rendered them despised and scorned, even in their high station, by the careless and the indifferent,—by the scoffer at religion.

Not such was the object of the Catholic church in the canonization of the saints. A high and holy principle, elevated and purified from earthly feelings and motives, inspired her; no hope, and no desire of worldly profit or worldly power, mingled with and adulterated her exalted purpose. No mere human gratitude affected her; no temporary prospect, but "a great law of duty, high as these two infinitudes, dwarfing all else, annihilating all else." It was in obedience to the spirit that was in her. Her object was solely the greater glory of God. The God whom she worshipped was a God of holiness; the distinctive mark of her own truth was holiness, and the holiness of her children was the richest incense that she could offer to the pure Saviour of the world, her Spouse and her Lord. She was established to guide the souls of men in the way of salvation, to teach them all truth, and to prepare them for heaven by a holy life upon earth. Holiness of life was what she sought for all in her communion. She commanded it. It was to be a mark of her true children, as it was a true mark of herself; she therefore venerated those who lived in that holiness and died in its sweet odor, leaving behind them an example pure, bright, and glorious, to all those of her children who still lingered in the shadows of the valley of death.

Whilst thus paying due honor and respect to those who by their lives had proved their piety to God, their submission and self-devotedness to his divine commands, the church

was wondrously proving the universal love of sanctity which pervaded her children, and the reality of her title of holy. It is not wonderful, indeed, that the mother of the Saviour should have been venerated by the true followers of her divine Son; nor is it strange that Christians should have cherished the name and fame of the chosen twelve, who clung around him in life, catching the awful words of eternal truth and wisdom as they fell from those mysterious lips, who gazed upon that wondrous presence, whose like human eye had never before rested on, and never again shall behold as then, in the sublimity of its grandeur and its inconceivable humility,—the incarnate Word, the living God, the true man,—who wept over his death and rejoiced over his resurrection, who beheld the consummation of so many prophecies, and went forth to preach the glad tidings of redemption to the world. It is not incomprehensible that great martyrs and pious kings should have been remembered for a time; their rank and station, and the cruel circumstances of their deaths, might well throw a halo of glory round their names; and even this is not seen out of the Catholic church. But it is incomprehensible to human reason, seeking truth by the light of mere human motives and human ends, that this brilliant halo of immortal glory should have been cast round the heads, not only of the Blessed Virgin, of the chosen twelve, or of pious kings and heroic martyrs, but of the humblest and lowest in the estimation of the world. Certainly, if not a miracle in itself, it is wonderful, and far above the reach of human wisdom, that this universal feeling of veneration should have been conferred upon men who had, on this earth, been unknown, perhaps despised; who had buried themselves in deserts, or in caves and mountain solitudes, or had clad themselves in the garb of the poor servitor, to watch at the bed-side of death, to smooth the pillow of affliction, to kiss the sores of the beggar, and minister to his wants. It is certainly extraordinary to see, elevated far above the thrones of kings and princes, and immortalized with true glory in the undying memory of the whole world, the poor virgin who toiled on earth in the humble rank of a servant, or wore the coarse habiliments, and submitted to the laborious life of the lowly and unknown shepherdess. It is certainly wonderful to behold, as patrons of mighty kingdoms, the humble monk whose days were passed in the obscurity of his narrow cell, the pilgrim who toiled to the sacred places sanctified by the footsteps of the Redeemer, or the holy martyr who won his heavenly crown at the fearful price of a cruel and ignominious death. Yet more than all this is the honor bestowed by the church upon her saints, more than the patronship of kings and kingdoms, more than the superiority of fame over conquering hero and renowned sage, more than the surpassing glory of a deathless record on the pure pages of her history; more than all this are the cherished love and gratitude and veneration of her countless millions, living in every heart, breathing on every tongue, in every clime, and in all ages. The monarch on his throne, and the peasant in his field, the rich man in his gorgeous palace, and the houseless, wandering beggar, he who rules and he who serves, old and young,—all, all who hold communion with the *holy* Catholic church, all who are her children, under the burning sun of the tropics, or beneath the frozen skies of regions of eternal snows—all look upon them with a high and holy love, all hold them up as models for purity of life, all venerate them as the friends of God, and all invoke their intercession in the hour of need. And whilst these meek and lowly souls are thus exalted and renowned, and their names cherished in the memory and enshrined in the hearts of myriads, how many thousands of the great, the learned, and the powerful are forgotten, and for ever. In their own days, they were mighty and renowned, but revolving centuries have swept most of them from history, and all, perhaps, from the common memory of man. Some few and very great, perchance, survive to furnish themes for school-boy declamation; the rest are all forgotten, as these greatest too are, by the multitude of earth. Thus it has ever been with human pride and earthly glory; they are fleeting like all earth's gaily painted flowers. They bud, and bloom, and glad the eye awhile, and fade; and the eye that gazed upon them closes too; and other flowers spring forth to gladden other eyes in turn, to bloom and ripen for forgetfulness. They bow beneath the iron law of earth, the unchanging law of mortal things,

the law of change; that law which bounds all human hopes and limits human enterprises; that law which sweeps its resistless tide across the fair face of empires, and carries them down the tide of oblivion; which touches the glorious city, thronging with busy, beating hearts, and active hands, and flowing and ebbing with the mighty tide of human love, and hope and fear, and every throbbing passion, and stills the tumult, driving back the mortal wave, until dry desert sands alone appear, and ruins without name. Palenque and Uxmal, and a thousand such, have felt the destructive power of this iron law. In their vast palaces great monarchs ruled, perhaps, and victorious leaders won triumphal hecatombs of human victims for their sanguinary festivals. The very names of the people who reared those palaces are lost; the titles which these ruins bear are modern appellations. Fame, name, and power, all are gone. Mighty monarchs ruled, and conquering heroes fought before Agamemnon, of whom, perhaps, some long forgotten Homer had sung; yet bard, and king, and warrior have alike been buried in oblivion. The pyramids have long outlived the names of those to immortalize whose fame their massy piles were reared. Zenobia and her Palmyra are more than half forgotten. Every where fame is departing, like the light of the receding comet, till it disappears in the distance and for ever. Thus is it with mortal things, and thus must it ever be.

Not so with those that are immortal, that are spiritual, that are elevated above earth and all earthly motives. The fame of the spiritual hero is as lasting as the enjoyment of the glorious meed of his victory; his renown and the veneration of his name are as eternal as his triumph. They are the manifestation of the glory of God. While the great and powerful of earth descend, one by one, into the deep waters of oblivion, the humblest of the saints seems to shine with a brighter and a purer light as ages roll along, for passing ages but add new laurels to his chaplets, increased veneration to his holy name, and glorious miracles as proofs of his power in prayer and intercession before the throne of the Almighty. For him there is now no death, and therefore there is no ceasing of that fame which clings around energy and life and great achievement. His life is spiritual and eternal, and his deeds and his fame are undying, immortal. The lapse of ages can not dim the brightness of his glory; the hand of time is powerless for him; change, or ruin, or oblivion, can not reach his fame. The history of his holy life, his mortifications, his humility, his sufferings, his death, is recorded indelibly by the church; it is written in ineffaceable characters upon the heart of every Catholic, even the very humblest and most ignorant. To the humblest and most ignorant of her children the names of the mighty chiefs of olden times, their deeds of good or evil, and their fate, may be all unknown. No tale of old Rome's imperial grandeur, or of classic Grecian splendor, or of barbaric Persian pomp, may have ever reached him; the names of science and philosophy may strike with unmeaning sound upon his ear, and all other history be to him a mystery unfathomed; yet the history of the saints of God is as familiar as an oft told tale, as dear as household names. At his mother's knee, in childhood, he heard their names pronounced with reverence and affection, and their holy lives described and held up before him as the models of his future years; and most of all, the virtues and the trials of him, the patron saint, whose name he bears. He believes them to be in the fruition of eternal happiness before the throne of the Most High, and he invokes their intercession daily in his behalf. The history of the saints is no mere dull narration to him; to him, as to all others in the fold of the true church, it is practical religion. Their invocation is no mere prayer for intercession, but a motive and a means of imitation of their virtues.

Thus the temporal glory of even the humblest saint never dims nor fades. For them, it would seem, a perpetual moral miracle is wrought. All human fame but theirs grows faint, and in time expires; all human glory disappears, and veneration ceases, but for them; and for them this law of change would seem to have been suspended.

Inexplicable as seems this imperishable temporal glory of the saints, when its causes are sought for in human means and motives, it becomes clear and easy of explanation when we turn to its true source—the sanctity of the Catholic church. She is the *holy* church; she loves holiness, and one of the proofs of the divinity of her origin, and the purity and

holiness of her doctrine, is her constant veneration of those who have lived and died in holiness, of those whom she has enrolled among her saints. Her eyes are lifted above earth; her honors and rewards are the thrones and crowns of immortal bliss, reserved for the faithful children of God. Humility is the noblest pride of her true followers; docility and submission to the laws of God and his church their dearest ambition; and sanctity of life is the impersonation and fulfilment of all these. Sanctity, to her eyes, is more glorious than all the victories of man over his agonized and dying fellows, more precious than all the riches of the fabled treasure-house of Caucasus, more ennobling than high blood, and rank, and station; more acceptable to her than power and influence, because powerful with the All-powerful, and winning the favor of the Father of mercies. It is the religion of Christ reduced into practice. There are many sects or denominations that claim to be true churches, some that would fondly solace themselves with the name of Catholic; nay, of *holy* Catholic! Where is the distinguishing mark of holiness, of love for the departed saint, of veneration and respect? No where, but in the Catholic church. If they are holy, why do they not love holiness in the departed, and hold up to their people the lives and actions of *their* saints for admiration and imitation? Thus much might the coldest and most rationalistic Protestant do; thus much does he to worldly heroes; thus much does he to the warrior, to the statesman, to the poet; to him who has been great on earth, who has ruled men by the power of his intellect, or led them on in his path by the honeyed influence of an eloquent tongue; thus much for all earthly qualities, which he admires, which he reveres. But never does he point his child to the virtues of meekness and humility, and voluntary poverty, to sanctity of thought and life; never does he enlarge upon its beauty, and upon the veneration due to those who have died in the odor of sanctity. There may have been pious and humble men among his people; men who were sincere, yet blind. Is it to them that he turns his eyes? Are they the models he selects for his future life? Ah, how rarely! And if it may occur with a few individuals, it only happens because they are Catholic in that feeling, and different from the spirit of their brethren. Where are the public demonstrations of honor and respect? Where are the festivals in these days of festivals over even cold foundation stones? None, not one, over those who are to be supposed stones in the temple of the living God. No holy memory of past trials, no joyous meditation on present bliss, no abstraction from earthly things and contemplation of heavenly; no fond, brotherly reunion with those who are rejoicing in heaven over the triumphant mercies of their God, over their gained salvation; no consoling thought of never-ceasing, unforgetful mediators before the throne of the Most High,—mediators of love and prayer; no constant, heartfelt invocation; no veneration, producing necessarily imitation of the venerated holiness. Nothing of all this is to be found out of the Catholic church. These cold abstractionists have destroyed, among themselves, all feeling, and energy, and life, and even the reality of religion itself; for surely piety, sanctity of life and acting faith, are its reality. They have no saints; they claim none; and they offer veneration and respect to the virtues and good works of no departed one; for they believe good works and virtues, on the part of man, to be of no merit; sanctity has no merit; and they esteem them not as they should. Their desires are fixed to this earth, and they bid a sad adieu, almost like the atheist, for ever to the parting brother, the moment that the hand of death falls cold upon his brow. They leave him to his damp and narrow grave,—dreary, silent, unremembered. Ah! for them there is no communion of saints. Truly doth the icy hand part them asunder. They may weep, alas! but they know not the holy consolation of prayer for the departed, of communings in spirit with those who have only gone before them. They have lost a friend or brother, but they have not gained an interceding friend or brother before God. Truly they are severed, and coldly severed. Over them death has a fearful power. They have no miracles, and miracles are the proof of the truth of religion. They are only to be found in the true church, and, when wrought at the intercession of the departed, are the evidences of their perseverance in sanctity through life and through death, and of their fruition of the eternal joys of heaven. The Catholic church alone of all those who claim the name of Christians,

honors and reveres the departed saint; she alone pays true honor and glory to the chosen children of God, reflecting their honor back to the great Giver of all honor. She alone holds up the sanctity of their lives as models for the imitation of her children, and sets apart days for their peculiar honor; days on which, particularly, should be remembered their history and their death, their humble virtues and the glorious reward of their trials upon earth; days on which her children should invoke their intercession, and prepare themselves to imitate them as they have been imitators of their divine Master; days on which the love of God, and the practice of his precepts, should be revived and should catch a brighter glow from the holy contemplation of the piety and sanctity, and the happiness of his saints.

Thus has she proved her right to the distinguishing title of *holy*. Thus has she, by the inspiration and guidance of the divine Spirit, been enabled to render that title practical; to inculcate the beauty of holiness upon her children, its glory, and the final and eternal happiness which perseverance therein must obtain. Thus has she been able to turn aside from the memory and fame and greatness of the saints, the common law of change and forgetfulness, which sweeps away all other memory, all other fame, all other greatness. Thus has she wrought this perpetual moral miracle. She remembers their piety because she is pious; she consecrates their zeal because she is zealous; she cherishes their faith and their humility, because faith and humility are the virtues which she admires; she venerates their sanctity, because sanctity is the life and soul of her communion, an attribute and proof of her existence; she canonizes them, because the finger of God has marked them as blessed before his throne. The Catholic church does not speak until the voice of the Most High has announced it; she does not decree until the hand of her heavenly Spouse has written and recorded that decree in unequivocal characters. She is silent till the Spirit of God, manifested in his wondrous works, commands her to send forth to the wide earth the tidings of the sanctity, and the beatification of the faithful servant of heaven. She knows that thousands have lived and died in sanctity, who are not numbered by name upon her calendar, that countless myriads have won their immortal crowns, for whom no miracles have been wrought. In her love of sanctity she has not forgotten them; she has cherished them in her constant memory of her departed children. For them, for the celebration of their virtues and their perseverance, for the invocation of their prayers, for the contemplation of their humility, and to encourage among her children the hope of being numbered with them, she has established one great, common feast, the feast of All Saints. On that day her glad tongues break out in glorious strains of thankfulness and praise, of hallelujahs over those who sit enthroned in heaven with the Lamb, who have conquered, who are saved. For them there is no more of trial, no more of suffering and of sin. Her children are triumphant over death and hell; with them and for them she rejoices; and, rejoicing, demands their intercession for those who are still struggling and toiling through this valley of tears. After she has rejoiced over her children triumphant, she turns and weeps over her departed children who may still be expiating their sins, yet with the prospect of heaven at the end of their sufferings. She prays and offers sacrifice—the holy sacrifice of the Lamb upon the altar, the sacrifice of the merits, the blood, the passion, and the death of the Redeemer, in the one great sacrifice of the mass—for the suffering and the atoning; and she dries her dimmed and mourning eyes, casts off the robes of sorrow, hushes the sad voice of lamentation, and bids her children look forward with hope and consolation, to learn of the one and of the other. Oh, good mother, how dost thou speak to the heart in all thy actions! How dost thou cherish in thy bosom the remembrance of all thy children! Death can not sever them from thee! Thou followest them with thy prayers beyond the dark portals of the tomb, embalming them in thy fond, faithful memory for ever. No time can erase their remembrance, no change can sweep over it, no forgetfulness destroy it; it must continue to exist till time shall be no more.

In this spirit the church has appointed a day for "all saints," and in the happy and tender wisdom which has marked all her actions, she has made it followed immediately by that set apart for the commemoration of "all souls·" a day of joy followed by a day of sorrow; a day of glorious thoughts, of hea-

venly and eternal happiness, of contemplation of the final triumph of her blessed children, succeeded by a day devoted to the contemplation of the last scenes of mortal struggle and suffering and expiation before the heavenly crown is won, warning her sons that, in the midst of their joy over the just made perfect, and their awakened hopes and desires, there are trials and difficulties still before them; that there is danger, and that nothing but final perseverance can win for them the crown they look for. She wishes to recall them from hope and anticipation to the solemn contemplation of the means of obtaining the fruition of their desires.

She is thus careful to honor and invoke those blessed souls who have won their immortal crowns, but of whom she has never pronounced the decree of beatification or canonization. She invokes them not by name, but she honors and invokes on that day all the blessed in heaven, whom it has not pleased God, by the irresistible evidence of miracles, to declare to the world as sanctified in his sight. These the church does not beatify or canonize, nor does she offer honor to any particular person who might, perhaps, justly be supposed, from his pious and exemplary life, to have gained his salvation; she does not pronounce upon such evidence or suppositions. It is not sufficient that men should have been pious in life and persevering in death, that they should have won the reputation of sanctity, that they should have left behind them the odor of a good and just life. Something more tangible than all this she requires; something capable of demonstration; something which can be proved by evidence, which would be irresistible and overwhelming in any human cause,—the evidence of miracles wrought through the instrumentality of the departed one, and these miracles, too, so substantiated and authenticated as to render doubt impossible, and denial or disbelief, wild skepticism. She requires the evidence of miracles wrought during the life of the person to be beatified or canonized, at least of miracles wrought after death by his intercession, and repeated, too, after the first step in the course has been concluded.

If the church has carefully protected and cherished the fame of her faithful servants whom she has canonized, she has also as wondrously watched and guarded the process by which that canonization is to be obtained. She has made it long, and tedious, and difficult,—long enough and tedious enough to tire out interested suitors, to see them, the first petitioners, descend to the tomb, in many cases, before the first decree can be obtained, and so difficult that none would undertake it but those influenced by the invincibility of Catholic fervor, and faith, and love. She has thrown obstacles in its course, which in any human matter would be insurmountable; she has made the process, the most solemn, and thorough, and patient investigation of facts that the world has ever witnessed. She has thrown around her tribunals more perfect guards against fear, favor, or affection, than any human tribunal has ever possessed. The process of a court of chancery and the forms and special pleadings in the courts of law, are said to be the perfection of human wisdom in the investigation of truth; but the process of chancery, and the severe scrutiny of the law, are nothing to those which are required in the sacred Congregation of Rites.* Human wisdom never invented a mode so well adapted for the certain discovery of truth, as that which the church has established, in carrying out the processes of beatification and canonization.

No description can be so full and so complete, as to impress upon the mind of the reader a perfect idea of the difficulties of that process. No man, unacquainted with forms of law, and who has never seen the trial of a cause, could gather from the meagre and technical description of books of practice, any idea of the difficulties, of the sudden turns and unexpected developments, the fierce contest of argument, the long, and earnest, and indefatigable examination and cross-examination of witnesses, the searching scrutiny of every written piece of evidence, the suddenly started point which may "throw the case out of court;" in a word, he would have but a faint conception of the long and eager battle of a hotly contested trial. Books can tell him little of all this; they would tell him of a jury to be empanelled, of witnesses to be sworn and examined, of the principles of the law of evidence, of criers and clerks, and all the skeleton

* The committee of cardinals at Rome, for the consideration of questions regarding the liturgy of the church. Ed.

machinery, but he must go to the hall of justice if he would see it in life and activity. He would scarcely recognize the dry, withered *skeleton*, in the busy, active, stirring body that he sees contending there. Thus it must necessarily be in all narrations of forms and modes of procedure in investigations such as these. Yet faint and indistinct as it necessarily must be, we shall give a short abstract of the process in the causes of beatification and canonization before the tribunals at Rome, trusting to our readers to fill up the dry details of simple forms, in their imaginations, and clothe the skeleton, which we lay before them, with the flesh and life and motion, the fair proportions of the reality; to gaze, as it were, upon the assembled councils, to glance through the mountain piles of authenticated testimony; to listen to the sudden doubt, the unexpected difficulty; to catch the eloquent argument; in one word, to look upon the solemn and protracted investigation.

The most ancient form of proceeding was that relating to martyrs. In the primitive ages, veneration was decreed to the martyrs, who were honored "as disciples and imitators of the Lord," and whose relics were collected and reverently treasured up, "as being more precious than gems and more pure than gold."* St. Clement and his successors, St. Fabian and St. Anterus, established seven notaries, one in each district of the city of Rome, to collect the acts of the martyrs; and St. Fabian appointed subdeacons to scrutinize their proceedings. After the collection of the acts, a strict examination was entered into, whether the motives of the martyr had been pure, free from vanity; if he died in communion with the church and for the faith. The bishop of the diocess pronounced the sentence that followed this examination, though, in the earliest ages, it was usual to request the papal approval of the veneration which the petitioners were desirous of paying to the saint. Many other methods were subsequently in use, and many improvements made in the forms of examination and procedure. But to prevent the abuses that might occur in a matter of such importance, the holy see thought proper to reserve to itself the authority to decide such questions. The first instance of a solemn canonization pronounced by the pope, was witnessed towards the end of the tenth century.

The Congregation of Rites was originally established by Sixtus V, in the sixteenth century, and afterwards slightly altered by the addition of new rules so as to insure the most rigid and scrutinizing process; and, as it now exists, it is a monument of wisdom which can not be surpassed. The Congregation of Rites is composed of a cardinal prefect and a body of cardinals, one of whom is appointed by the pope *reporter* of the case. They are the judges of the first order, and take an oath to keep secret their proceedings. Two theologians are allowed them, who take the same oath. The judges of the second order take the name of consultors. The officers of the congregation are, a prothonotary, secretary, the promoter and sub-promoter of the faith, advocates, physician, surgeon, an archivist, and interpreters of the processes, if in a foreign idiom. The secretary prepares reports of each case, submits them to the pope, and publishes his decrees. The promoter of the faith resembles in his duties the state's attorney in our courts: he appears for the public and opposes the beatification. The sub-promoter is of course with him: both are sworn to perform their duty. The notary prepares the authentic acts and has charge of the ancient archives in the Vatican. The consistorial advocates treat of questions of law. The physician, surgeon, &c., examine the nature of alleged miracles.

We shall here only treat of the most common form of introducing causes—*per viam non cultus.* The first processes are prepared by the ordinary of the diocess from which the cause is brought to Rome. The first declares that the person sought to be canonized enjoys the public reputation of eminent virtues and miracles. The second is an exact and strict inquiry to ascertain that no public veneration has been paid him, for the holy see refuses to entertain any cause unless these facts be first established beyond doubt. These examinations, and the judgments pronounced upon them, are then carried to Rome and deposited with the notary of the Congregation of Rites. The postulators of the cause (appointed by the parties seeking the beatification or canonization) then petition the congregation that the processes may be opened. The promoter of the faith is summoned, the witnesses, to prove

* Letter of the church of Smyrna recording the martyrdom of St. Polycarp, 2d century.

the signature and seal of the diocesan prelate attached to the processes, are examined by the notary, and the processes are opened in presence of the cardinal prefect. Next the pope is petitioned to name one of the cardinals of the congregation reporter, and to appoint interpreters if necessary. The writings of the servant of God are then carefully scrutinized, and, if they are pronounced free from reproach, the pope signs the commission to the congregation to take up the cause, *provided ten years have elapsed* since the processes and decrees of the diocesan prelate have been sent to Rome. Thus three distinct trials in a course of ten years are passed through before the cause is regularly instituted, in either of which an unsound cause must fail. Remissorial letters are now addressed to three bishops whose diocesses are in the neighborhood of the place where the investigation is to be made, directing them to take testimony of the reputation of the deceased for sanctity and miracles in general. If these processes, thus drawn up, are approved, they are again directed to take testimony of each virtue and miracle in particular. If the whole is satisfactory, the congregation proceed to examine doubts proposed upon them in detail, provided fifty years have elapsed since the death of the person. For this purpose three different sessions take place. The first is called the *ante preparatory*, and is held in the palace of the cardinal reporter. The consultors alone vote. The *preparatory* takes place in the pope's palace. The *general* congregation is held in presence of the pope, and both cardinals and consultors give their votes. In each of these the reported virtues of the deceased undergo a thorough and searching examination. If the pope, after having implored the assistance of divine light, and having received the votes or opinions of the congregation, pronounces favorably upon the virtues of the deceased, the same process is gone through in regard to his reported miracles. If the cause is again successful, the pope, after invoking the aid of the Holy Spirit, pronounces a decree approving of one or more miracles. Two miracles must be proved before the cause can proceed. Another general congregation decides whether it is safe to proceed to beatification. In each case two-thirds of the votes must be in favor of the cause, otherwise it can not be proceeded with.

All the investigations are conducted with extreme rigor: nothing is admitted as evidence which would not be evidence in a court of justice, and always under oath. The promoter of the faith is sworn to fill his office with fidelity, and it is his duty to start every possible objection, and raise every conceivable doubt at each step of the cause, to account for the alleged miracles if possible by natural causes, or as merely extraordinary facts, and, if he can succeed in creating a doubt which can not positively be set at rest, the miracle or virtue is rejected. Absolute demonstration is required. They who have heard an acute lawyer sifting testimony in a cause may form some idea of the business of the promoter of the faith, which has given him at Rome the *sobriquet* of "the devil's advocate." The evidence and proceedings at each step of the cause are printed with notes and arguments, and distributed among the congregation. After the final sentence of the congregation, the pope appoints a day for the solemn beatification to take place, and the servant of God then receives the title, "*beatus*," "blessed." The veneration of the beatified is now permitted to the particular diocess or order or province which has sued for his beatification, but it is not enjoined upon others till canonization.*

As soon as new miracles have been wrought since the beatification, the cause is reopened at the instance of the postulators, and the same long and careful and scrutinizing process gone through—the same numerous examinations and the same final general congregations are held; and when the determination to proceed is announced, *three more* consistories are held, one secret, one public, and one semi-public, and at length the day for the solemn canonization is announced.

On the morning of that day goes forth from the Vatican a solemn procession winding its gorgeous way around the colonnade to the great

* For the further information of the reader, we will state the difference between beatification and canonization. The former is merely a permission granted by the sovereign pontiff to give the title of *blessed* to a deceased individual, in virtue of which he may be religiously venerated by some particular nation, church, or family. Canonization is a a solemn decision of the church relative to the sanctity of a deceased individual in consequence of which we are bound to venerate his memory. The former therefore implies a mere permission; the latter contains a precept; the one is commonly restricted to a particular locality, and has not the force of a final decision; the other regards the whole church, and is a solemn and definitive sentence.—Ed.

entrance of St. Peter's. Lighted tapers blaze in every hand, and rich banners, commemorative of the new saint or saints, sweep proudly over the long line of bishops, priests, and cardinals. As the procession approaches the great entrance, it pauses and divides into two lines to permit the passage of the pope and his attendants: a portion range themselves within the church to the altar of the blessed sacrament. In the meanwhile the pope in the Sixtine chapel intones the "*Ave Maris stella,*" and, vested in cope and mitre, ascends the chair of state and is borne forth, bearing in his hand a veiled waxen taper, and surrounded by his guards of nobles and of faithful Swiss, preceded by mitred abbots, bishops, and archbishops, in their copes and mitres, cardinals in dalmatics and chasubles and copes, according to their order, officers clad in cloth of gold, the censer-bearer surrounded by acolytes with blazing torches, and followed by the governor of Rome and the officers of state. A proud day of triumph is it for the humble servant of God, who was perhaps despised upon earth in his life, but in whom, after death, the power and honor and glory of the Most High are manifested. The glorious temple, dedicated to the first of the apostles, the mightiest edifice in all the earth, gorgeous as it is, on that day is still more gorgeous with sweeping banner, blazing torch, and rich vestments, and mitres and croziers, sparkling with gold and jewels, with costly hangings that glow with the flash of torches, and catch the shadow of the waving plume, while the light of countless tapers gleams around, brightening on the steel of the warrior, on the gay attire of the noble, on the gold and jewels of surrounding shrines, dazzling the light of day. In the sanctuary behind "*the confession*"—the tomb of the apostles—are seen, high in air, pendant from the splendid roof, the banners of the new saint or saints, whilst, from the magnificent dome above, the apostles and the sainted early popes and angels, bearing the implements of Christ's passion, seem to look down with holy joy upon the glorious triumph of their divine Master in the triumph of his humble disciple and servant. The statues of countless saints, and of her, the most venerated of all saints, the immaculate Virgin, are there below, joining, as it were, in the glorious festival.

At length the pope descends from his throne, and the whole multitude bow down in silent prayer, while the full sound of voices, chanting the litany of saints, swells forth upon the air. As the last solemn sounds die away, the sovereign pontiff again ascends his throne, and the consistorial advocate thrice petitions, with increasing earnestness, that the beatified may be enrolled among the saints. As if overcome by the oft-repeated solicitation, the holy pontiff then declares by his secretary his or their canonization, "to the honor of the holy and undivided Trinity, to the exaltation of the Catholic faith and increase of Christianity, by the power of the Lord Jesus Christ and of the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Then, standing up, the pope intones the anthem, *Te Deum laudamus,* while the choir bursts out into a gush of glad and glorious song to the might and goodness and majesty of God. Over the joyous multitude, weeping in their joy, the sound of trumpets ascends, and the shrill roll of drums, while the pealing bells ring out from every turret and tower in the holy city, and the loud thunders of artillery break from the castle of St. Angelo.

Thenceforth are the beatified declared saints—saints by the evidence of miracles wrought in their behalf—saints by the power and goodness of their God. He has been pleased to indicate to the world, by his wondrous works, performed at their intercession, that they are in the enjoyment of immortal and eternal bliss before his throne. He has spoken in no ambiguous terms, and the church announces to her children what has been declared by her God: she announces that they are sanctified, that they are now in the fruition of the rewards promised to the faithful follower of Christ. She commands her children to revere them because God has loved them, to honor them because God has conferred honor on them, to invoke their prayers because their prayers have been proven powerful and efficacious with heaven—proven by the irresistible evidence of miracles.

With Protestants the performance of miracles in these days is matter of ridicule—with few is it a matter of sober, earnest, reflecting disbelief. They dare not meet the question in all its aspects, or perhaps the result would be different; perhaps they would cease to be Christians or they would cease to be Protest-

ants. They deny the existence of miracles because they know there are no miracles among themselves, and, if they admitted the existence of miracles in the Catholic church, they feel that they would admit their own condemnation. They can not believe that miracles are wrought at this day without ceasing to be Protestant. If they disbelieve in the possibility of miracles now, they can not well continue to be Christians. The question of miracles is solely a question of evidence, and on that question, as has been seen, the tribunals of the church are most eminently qualified to act, coolly, carefully and dispassionately. The scoffer who goes beyond the question of evidence must raise the question of power, must make the impious doubt of omnipotence in God—must deny the very existence, by denying the greatest attribute of God. They who believe in the almighty and eternal God dare not raise that question; they who claim the name of Christian, who believe in Christ, who believe in the holy Scriptures, dare not hesitate on that point. The most hardened skeptic alone would deny the miracles of Christ and his apostles as recorded in the inspired volume. But the hand of God is not shortened now. It is as powerful now as when he spoke and the widow's son bounded from his bier, the lepers were healed and the blind saw and the lame walked and the sick were cured—it is as efficacious now as when he stilled the troubled waters, or trod upon their sparkling surface. His power has not departed, nor has his all-seeing eye closed upon earth. His spirit is still guiding and directing, still protecting, still inspiring the church which he founded to last till he should come—to exist under Peter, who, spiritually, was not to die, but was to continue to rule in the persons of his successors to the end of time. He who would deny the possibility of miracles is bold indeed—he must deny Christianity itself.

Then, if miracles are possible in this age, the question as to their existence, just as the existence or occurrence of any other fact, is a matter to be decided by evidence. But the strength of the evidence is increased by destroying the objection of the improbability and the want of motives or necessity for the performance of miracles; for these are the most specious arguments which the skeptic and the scoffer advance against belief in their performance, and which many consider of sufficient weight to overthrow the strongest array of human testimony. The probability of the performance of a miracle, after its possibility is admitted, like the performance or existence of any other act or thing, must consist in the degree of its departure from the laws of nature—its unusual character, or the want of sufficient assignable motive. There is another case, too, which does not properly come within the range of our subject—that of a fact in which it may be doubtful whether the cause is supernatural or natural, whether it is a miracle or not: we assume the fact to be such that, if proven to be true, there can be no doubt of its miraculous nature. In this case it is evident that all these objections resolve themselves into the last—the want of assignable motive; for, however strong in mere human actions may be the objection that the thing asserted is very unusual in its character and a departure from the common course of human affairs, it is of no weight when applied to the works of God. The power of man is finite; his wisdom is short, his acts are bounded and limited, and in them the question of probability, from the *nature* of the fact, may and must have weight, because there are things which man of himself *can not* do. But, when the question is of the works of God, wrought at the intercession of man on earth or the saints in heaven, the objection of improbability from the nature of the act can have no effect; for there are no laws to limit his power, nothing is impossible or improbable for him. Another form of the objection of probability is the exploded one of "experience"—that miracles are improbable because they are contrary to experience. And this objection, like many others brought against Catholic doctrines and Catholic practices, has a specious appearance of *reality* about it, cast, like a veil around it, to hide its weakness and absurdity, which, torn aside, displays the folly of the skeptic and the unbeliever, and overthrows him at once by exposing the emptiness of his defences. He is compelled to rely upon reiterated denial, or rather simple assertions of disbelief, without reason, without assignable cause, without pretext—mere sheer skepticism. Miracles are not wrought now because they are contrary to experience; but to whose experience? To the experience of the objector?

Grant it. It is as valid as would be the objection raised against the certainty of death by him who had never experienced death or seen it in others. He has heard assertions of the existence of death, and so has the skeptic heard of the existence of miracles; and they each disbelieve the one and the other on the same ground—because they are contrary to experience. Life is his experience, death is the suspension of the law of life—it is contrary to *his* experience—he will not believe it. The man who would reason thus would be declared a madman by universal consent. But there is a difference, it will be said by some disbeliever in miracles, between the two cases; in the one, death is natural, in accordance with the laws of things, while, in the other, miracles are the suspension of those laws. If there is any meaning in this distinction, or any position assumed in it, it is the position that the God who established the law that all men should die, who promulgated all laws that govern the universe, is unable to suspend those laws—it is the impious position that God is *not* omnipotent. And yet this poor and untenable ground of distinction can not avail him; for in the case supposed life is the experience of the man, death contrary to his experience, and, therefore, contrary to the laws of nature, as far as he can know, with the rules of evidence he has adopted. He rejects all human testimony.

Is the performance of miracles in this age contrary to the experience of *all* men? For such must be the extent of the objection, because, if there be any one man to whose experience it is *not* contrary, the fact of the existence of miracles is established, and the objection is futile. To assert that miracles in this age are contrary to the experience of all men, is merely to reassert that they do not exist, and assertion is no argument—it is but the reiteration of disbelief. It may be met by assertion as unsupported. But miracles are not contrary to experience. The experience of the Catholic world, the faith of the Catholic people, the unswerving, the unceasing testimony of the Catholic church prove it. Miracles have been and are now wrought as they were wrought in the days of the apostles, in the days of their first successors, in all ages of the church—miracles, not doubtful and obscure, but clear, certain, and unmistakeable—they have been wrought in public, before the world, before thousands of eye witnesses, have been attested by them, and have been received and believed on their testimony by myriads who have not seen.

The objection then is narrowed down to the want of sufficient assignable motive; and yet, were it granted that human wisdom could assign no motive for the performance of miracles in these days, it would place the objector in no better attitude, on no more reliable ground. Who can tell the ways of the Almighty? who can fathom the depth of his counsels? who can read the designs of the Mysterious? who can measure the wisdom of the All-wise? His ways are hidden and his purposes known only to himself. Who hath made man the judge of his motives, the arbiter of his acts, the controller of the exercise of his power? If no motive for the performance of miracles could be assigned by man, it would only prove the blindness of the creature and the surpassing wisdom of the Creator, the *wonder* of his works, not that those works do not exist.

But it is not true that there are no motives, that there is no longer any strong reason for the performance of miracles. Almost the same reason exists now that has existed in every age, subsequent to that which witnessed the passion and mysterious death of the God-man. Similar motives can be assigned by even weak blind man. They who contend that miracles were no longer required when Christianity was once established, and that miracles ceased when their absolute necessity no longer existed, if they mean by established, when Christianity was first promulgated and satisfactorily proved, must deny all miracles subsequent to the time of the apostles; nay, they would go far towards denying all miracles except those of the Saviour. Miracles were necessary to establish the divinity of our Saviour, to prove that he was the Messiah foretold by the prophets, the long expected of nations; and signs and wonders were wrought through his life and in his death, and, the greatest of all these, his resurrection from the dead. These were facts, facts to be proved by human testimony; and facts which were in the knowledge of, and capable of being attested by thousands who had seen with their own eyes and heard with their own ears. The proof of

these facts would have been sufficient to satisfy the mind of the hearer that Christ was the Messiah, that he was the Son of God, that he was God. And, if the proof of eye witnesses who had seen and heard, would be insufficient to persuade the heathen, how would the assertion of a missionary, born eighteen centuries after they had taken place, be sufficient?

In preaching the gospel to the heathen and the benighted savage, in these days, may not the case occur in which it is very difficult to adduce any sufficient evidence, convincing to the hearer, of the miracles even of the Saviour? The heathen who receives them may be called upon to receive them from a man who believes them because he has been educated in their belief—who preaches to him of strange doctrines which, he asserts, were authenticated to those who first heard them, two thousand years ago, by wondrous miracles—he may assert this, with no sufficient evidence, without even the corroborating testimony of another like himself. Upon this testimony he asks the savage and the infidel to believe incomprehensible dogmas, articles of faith above the light of reason, which may seem absurd to his unenlightened mind. Is there no motive here, no necessity for miracles? Is not this infidel, this darkened savage, for all the world, in the place of him for whose conversion, two thousand years ago, in the age of the apostles, miracles were necessary?

"Where is the evidence of what you assert?" might one of those untutored men exclaim to the Protestant missionary, proclaiming the teachings of the gospel, and demanding their attention and belief. "Where is the proof of your divine commission? You ask me to believe that God became man, and that his creatures put him to a cruel and ignominious death. You tell me of God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, which are three and yet one. You tell me that the Son existed from all eternity, and coeval with the Father. How can the Son be coeval with the Father? And yet you say that the Son is born of woman—a virgin. This is incomprehensible, your reason has gone astray. These things are the wild dreams of a madman—the disconnected and contradictory wanderings of insanity. Where is the proof of these strange and improbable things? You say that your Master wrought miracles to prove their truth to those to whom he first preached them: that he raised the dead, that he healed the sick: surely, if it was necessary for your God to do this for them, it is necessary that you, by his power if he has sent you, should do as he has also done. Prove these things to us and we will believe."

Alas! the Protestant missionary would stand aghast. Perhaps he would hold forth the sacred Scriptures or some mutilated portion thereof, and bid the infidel submit. And what would be the response? "You tell me it is the word of God spoken upon earth, but you have not shown me that God came upon earth. You say that you preach what it contains, then, if you can not prove what you have preached, you can not prove the truth of what it contains—you can not prove it, as, by your own confession, your Master thought right to prove it to those who first heard it. I am no wiser than they were—that book is not the evidence which HE produced to them. You bring the book, it rests on your authority—I might as well believe your preaching at once. Give me the proofs which your Master gave." He would be compelled to retire, covered with shame and confusion. He believes not in the possibility of miracles in these days. He *dares* not call God to witness the truth of what he preaches—he shrinks from the trial proposed by the apostle of old with Simon the magician. This is indeed a significant fact. Does he feel that he is not of those *true* believers in the divine Saviour, of whom he has foretold that they will work greater wonders than he has wrought? Does he feel that he is out of the communion of the *true* church, cut off from the divine power which gives divine evidences of the true communion? Does he feel that he is the false shepherd who has stolen into the fold? He dare not call the hand of the Most High to witness the doctrine which he preaches.

And how would a Xavier have answered these natural inquiries? He would have exclaimed: "Listen to me, Oh! man: I am not mad. No wild dreams are these things which I announce to you—no disconnected wanderings of a disordered mind. I come to you to preach the gospel of Christ who was crucified. I come to you, the humble son of the true church, to enlist you under her banners. You

scoff at the mysterious doctrines which I preach—you will not receive that which to your darkened mind is incomprehensible. Bow down, Oh! vain man, to the omnipotent power of thy God and Master! Behold the evidence of his truth and his church!" and he would have gone to some new made grave and bidden the hearers toss aside the cold, damp sod, exhume and bring to light once more the withering form of the departed. He would have knelt and prayed—he would have prayed to that divine Master who had raised Lazarus from the dead, that now, by the same power, he would give to this darkened people the same evidence of the truth of his mysterious revelations. This the apostle of the Indies *did*, and he who had been dead leaped up in life and health and vigor before the astonished multitude, who looked upon the wondrous work, and attested its reality by their conversion—by their sudden and unhesitating belief. "This man comes from God. Never before hath the dead arisen, in our sight, to life and health. He preaches incomprehensible doctrines, and he declares that the evidence of those doctrines are the miracles of the God-man who first announced them. He proclaims that he is the messenger of those tidings, and he calls down the power of God to prove it. He prays, and the dead return to life! surely *this* man is sent of God—we believe—we believe!"

We do not pretend to say that, in our age, miracles are absolutely *necessary* for the conversion of the heathens. They have now a motive of credibility which did not exist in the primitive days of Christianity, viz., the countless number of believers in the doctrines of revelation; but we have no hesitation in affirming, first, that cases may occur in which the honor of God and the propagation of divine truth may call as imperatively for the display of miracles as in *some* circumstances of the early church; secondly, that in similar circumstances the Catholic missionary would not shrink from the privilege which his divine Master has accorded to his church for such emergencies. This point could easily be established by the whole history of religion, from its commencement to the present time. Beyond all doubt the gospel has seldom if ever been preached to any infidel people by Catholic missionaries without the confirmation of miracles—without overwhelming evidence of their divine mission to teach *all nations.* Perhaps this fact may partly account for the wonderful success of all Catholic missions, and the fruitless labors of Protestants. The one is without evidence, the other has the irresistible evidence of the works of the Most High—the one is the unauthorized adventurer, the other the commissioned embassador of heaven.

Surely then there is much reason for miracles in manifesting the gospel to the heathen: surely there is motive sufficient to satisfy the most incredulous skeptic; and no where is there a miracle asserted to have been performed for which there is not sufficient assignable motive. Is there no motive for, no benefit to be derived from miracles in our midst—aye, among the educated, the refined, and the learned? Are they not wandering, many of them, in the darkness of error and perhaps of infidelity, with their blinded reason stricken by the power of prejudice? Have they not souls to save? and have they not, perhaps, looked in vain upon the recorded evidences of Christianity, when they would bow down awe-stricken before the manifestation of the finger of God? Are there not thousands of believers who are cold and callous—whose hearts are lukewarm, upon whom the history of a new wrought miracle would descend like the dews of heaven, making them fruitful in good works? Are there not suffering children of humanity to relieve? Are there not saints whom God, in his love, would honor by the performance of miracles at their intercession? In one word, do they not always display the majesty and power and goodness of God?—a motive in itself sufficient to account for the most wonderful works that infinite power could perform? How was it that miracles should have been performed in all ages of the ancient world—under the Jewish dispensation? That they should be recorded in all the sacred writings of the Old Testament, as occurring in each successive age, under each successive patriarch, and wrought by each successive prophet, as well by Moses in his first departure from the land of bondage, when the arm of the Egyptian was impending over him, as by Joshua, when the sword of the pursuer had rusted for a generation in the waters of the Red sea; as well in the bright hour of glory and prosperity

as in the darkness and gloom of difficulty and danger? And why should the holy ones of the old imperfect law, the law of *types* prefiguring the *realities* of the new law—why should they have possessed power, before the throne of God, which the saints of the new and perfect law do not possess? Why should the stiff necked Jew have been more favored in his day than the believing, pious, humble, patient, Christian in this our age? Let the assigners of motives and the discoursers on probabilities answer this.

Amid the thunders of Mount Sinai the law had been delivered to them. It had been sanctioned by tremendous prodigies: its breach had brought down upon them awful and miraculous chastisements. They had seen the earth open to receive within its bowels the disobedient and rebellious; the sword of their brethen had swept their tents, fiery serpents had spread desolation amongst them. Enough and more than enough had been performed to prove to them that God was their leader and their guide—that they should bow down in humble submission to his word. And yet long after miracles continued—even long after the chosen people had become powerful and triumphant in the land which God had given them—miracles continued, wrought at the intercession of the just.

If they who assert that the necessity for miracles ceased when the church was established, mean by its establishment, that it had spread over the nations—then the time has not yet come for miracles to cease. More than one half of the population of the world is still bound to its idols; over scarcely more than one-third of the human race have the light and influence of Christianity extended. For two-thirds of men Christianity is not yet fully "established"—for them, by the showing of the disbeliever in miracles, the necessity for miracles exists. The command was given to the apostles to go forth and teach all nations. It is still, spiritually and really, the age of the apostles, and it will continue in the Catholic church to be the age of the apostles—in the succession of the apostles—until the command of her Spouse has been fulfilled—until the heathen is gathered into the fold—until ALL nations have been taught—until the consummation of time. Talk not of apostolic ages; they have not ceased, they can not cease while there are successors to the chosen of Christ, while the power of God is with his people. It is folly then to speak of motives and probabilities in the consideration of this question: the motives of God are inscrutable to man—his works are not bounded by the narrow limits of human probabilities.

But to pursue farther this question, so intimately connected with, and forming the basis of the doctrine of the church concerning the canonization of the saints, it would be well to start the inquiry—at what point of time miracles ceased to be performed. If the skeptic admits miracles after the days of the apostles, after those recorded in the holy Scriptures, he must admit them upon the testimony of the historians of the church, of the men who heard and saw these things, of the records and declarations of the church. Upon this testimony nearly all Protestants admit miracles to have been performed at least to the time of Constantine. And yet, posterior to the time of Constantine, a long catalogue of miracles, reaching down to our own days, into our midst, are attested by the same evidence, and in greater degree and frequency. If he denies all miracles subsequent to the apostles, he must deny facts that are attested by pagans and believed by infidels—he must deny the wonderful interruption of the rebuilding of the Jewish temple in the reign of Julian, of which Gibbon himself *dares* only seem half doubting; he must deny a thousand others not less authenticated. But, more than that, he must charge all Christians subsequent to the apostles with fraud and imposture. He must charge with forgery and deceit the early fathers and the later fathers, whose piety he admits, whose zeal he is compelled to admire, but whose faith he will not imitate. He must charge this too upon the whole Catholic world—in all ages—for the Catholic world in all ages has borne testimony to these facts. Every ancient monument, every olden record, every church and altar stone, bears witness to them. Miracles have been attested in all ages by the same evidence which has attested and handed down the record of apostolic miracles—if, therefore, that testimony is insufficient to prove these miracles, it is insufficient to prove those of the apostles, of Christ—to authenticate the holy Scriptures to the Protestant—there is no certainty to such a skeptic that they have not been

altered, erased, or added to—there is no certainty of their genuineness—nothing certain which depends on human testimony.

Every objection then against the performance of any asserted miracle in these days, must finally narrow itself down to the sufficiency of the testimony produced to substantiate it. And this no skeptic could scrutinize more severely than the Catholic church in her tribunals, before she gives her sanction to the authenticity of miracles by founding upon them a decree of beatification or canonization. If there can be any doubt, any possibility of accounting for the fact by natural means, any chasm in the chain of evidence, any unsound link, she rejects it at once and for ever. Her very love of sanctity insures it—the veneration of her saints and the honor which she pays them, redoubles the strictness of the examination which she makes, before admitting as miracles facts which are proposed as such. But that examination once made and favorably decided, she is satisfied. She is satisfied, because she knows that miracles decide "between the pagan and the Jew, between the Jew and the Christian, between the heretic and the Catholic: because they have been manifested in all the contests of truth against error—in the contest of Moses against the magicians of Pharaoh—of Elias against the false prophets—of Christ against the Pharisees—of St. Paul against Bar-jesus—of the apostles against the exorcists—of the Christians against the infidels—of Catholics against heretics." Because she knows "that truth has always triumphed by miracles."

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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THAT Orestes A. Brownson is one among the first men of the age, few, we think, will venture to deny. That he is the very first magazine writer in our country, many have asserted with Lord Brougham. Without claiming to be sufficiently acquainted with the productions of our national writers to pronounce on the correctness of this latter opinion, we think we may yet, without much hazard, declare our conviction that Mr. Brownson, in the species of writing to which he has for some years devoted himself, has no superior in the country, and few, if any equals. His style is as clear and forcible as is the train of thought and reasoning of which it is the expression. It does not consist of a mere collection of words tastefully selected and elegantly strung together; of mere sentences, melodious in their cadence, and pleasing in their harmony; it is the embodiment of living and breathing and glowing truths and realities. It is not a mere empty, fanciful casket; it encloses the rich and priceless jewel of thought. It reminds us of a clear and limpid stream, flowing on gently, because it is deep, and constantly widening as it flows on. In looking on such a stream, you admire, not merely the ripple on the surface, but the smooth and graceful motion of the whole volume of water itself.

But what pleases us most in the style of Mr. Brownson, is its familiar eloquence and kindling fervor. He does not address his readers from a tripod; he intermingles with them, takes them warmly by the hand, and converses with them on terms of cordial amity and perfect equality. He communicates to them his thoughts, feelings, and convictions, just as they rise spontaneously in his own mind; he warms them up just in proportion as he himself becomes warmed by his subject; he rivets their attention and awakens their interest, more and more, even to the end, by continually unfolding to their view new and

more expansive fields of thought; without flagging or faltering for a moment, he leads them on to the bright goal which he has in his own mind, and when they have reached it, he makes them admire its beauty, and wonder at the ease with which the intervening space has been traversed, and at the pleasure which the journey has afforded them. Whoever enters on this intellectual journey, in such company and with such a guide, can scarcely fail to pursue it even to the end, and also to take that precise direction, and to reach that precise termination which the skilful guide has pointed out.

Mr. Brownson writes with clearness and force, because he thinks clearly and forcibly. He writes with boldness and independence, because his habits of thought are bold and independent. His pen, like his spirit, knows no trammels, save those of reason and truth. He is willing "to captivate his understanding unto obedience," but he must see clearly what or who it is, that lays claim to his submission. But, if he hesitate before he has clearly ascertained, or been fully convinced of the truth, he is bold and fearless in avowing it, when he has once ascertained it. He knows no human respect; he quails before no opposition; he trembles before no adverse clamor. Whatever he believes, that he openly avows and strenuously defends, regardless of consequences. There is nothing crouching, nothing time-serving, nothing sycophantic, in his whole mental or moral composition. Candor is the distinctive trait in his character. No matter how odious to popular ignorance or prejudice may be the conclusion to which his stern logic leads him; no matter how many old friends it may lose him, or how many new enemies it may raise up against him; he *dares* candidly avow and boldly maintain his position. He has an earnest and tender heart, deeply susceptible of the finest emotions; his friends are dear to him, but the truth is dearer still. Nay, more; when, upon more mature investigation, he ascertains that he has been wrong, he has the moral courage,—so very rare in our enlightened age of time-serving, and of compromises between truth and error,—openly to acknowledge and discard the error, and to embrace and defend the truth! He has fully appreciated and reduced to practice the old adage: *Sapientis est mutare consilium.*

With the political or philosophic opinions of Mr. Brownson we have, at present, nothing to do. Such as may wish to become acquainted with them are referred to the articles on these subjects in his Review. On these, as on other topics, his position is clearly defined; and it requires no wizard to find out his opinions. In politics, he is a democrat, but an independent one, unfettered by party tactics; in philosophy, he is somewhat of an eclectic, without, however, embracing the absurdities of the modern French school, and he is entirely opposed to the transcendental and rationalistic school of Germany. He is more of a realist than he is of a nominalist; he prefers the philosophy of spirit and of life, to that of mere matter; he places little faith in the splendid nonsense and gilded vanities of what, in our day, is often dignified by the name of philosophy.

The religious opinions of such a man are much more interesting, and much more entitled to our attentive consideration. The interest which attaches to these opinions is greatly enhanced by the fact that, during the last year particularly, Mr. Brownson has been steadily and rapidly progressing in the path of religious truth, and has, at length, reached in safety the venerable temple of truth itself. In the volume of his Review under consideration, he acquaints his readers with every stage of his progress; he furnishes them with a detailed and eloquently written journal of his religious mind; of his thoughts, reasonings, desires, emotions, and convictions. The series of his religious articles constitutes a kind of guide and hand-book for the religious traveller who wishes to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of truth,—a sort of *iter ad veritatem* for the sincere inquirer. Those who enter on the holy journey with him can scarcely fail to reach the very goal which he has reached, and to reap the blessings which he has reaped.

During the past year Mr. Brownson has progressed from doubt to certainty; from the dimly glimmering twilight to the full and radiant day of truth. His giant mind, illumined and strengthened by divine grace, has broken the trammels of early prejudices, as though they had been so many cob-webs, and has nobly asserted its independence. He has "learned the truth, and the truth has made him free." He has emerged from the dark

and cloudy atmosphere of previous false theories, into the brilliant sun-light of true Christian philosophy. This religious progress had been going on for years in his mind; and during this whole period he reminds us strongly of the blind man of the gospel gradually recovering his sight.* He did not embrace the truth until after long and earnest investigation; until after many long and painful struggles with himself; until the conviction that flashed on his mind was so clear and so vivid that he could no longer resist it without resisting God himself, and blaspheming the Holy Ghost by impugning the known truth. No human motive, no worldly interest *could* have induced his conversion; and if he is now a Catholic, it is solely because he could not help becoming one, without being at open war with his strongest conscientious convictions.

Mr. Brownson thinks that he has not *changed* so much as he has *progressed.* In all his writings he has had the same purpose steadily in view; the same unquenchable love of truth, the same earnest endeavors to find it out, the same frank and bold independence in avowing it when found out, "without conferring with flesh and blood." He believes that, in his previous writings, will be found "the germs, at least, of the doctrines and sentiments," which superficial readers "suppose that he has but recently come to entertain."† He continues:

"Yes, I deny that I have *changed,* though I own that I seem to myself to have *advanced.* I am looking the same way, and have continued on in the same direction; but I believe that I am farther along than I was. When I first began speaking to the public I was young, inexperienced, ignorant, though perhaps not remarkably modest; my views were in the process of formation, rather than formed, and my mind, if not void, was at least in a chaotic state. I would fain hope that years and constant study have, in some degree, reduced the primitive chaos to order, and ripened what was crude. My views have, in general, become more fully developed and systematized; I seem to myself to understand myself better, to know better what I would effect, and what means I must use to effect it. The young dreamer, the visionary speculator, let me hope, has ripened into the sober, practical man. If this be to change, I doubtless have changed; but in this I have only changed as all change who are not incapable of profiting by experience. But, in all else, I seem to myself to be what I was."*

During the five years that he was editor of the Boston Quarterly Review, closing with the year 1842, his views were still crude, and "in a state of formation."

"The greater part of my essays were conceived and written with the view of promoting liberal inquiry and philosophical investigation, not with the view of teaching any regular system of doctrines on any subject whatever. My great and leading design was to awaken the public mind, and to prepare it for the reception of profounder and more kindling views of the destiny of man and society, than those I found generally embraced by my countrymen. The community appeared to me to be asleep, overcome by a mental *vis inertiæ;* and the first thing they needed was to be aroused, by bold and startling appeals, to a sense of their danger, and stimulated to new and more vigorous efforts for their salvation, moral, intellectual, and social."†

During the last two years that he conducted the Boston Quarterly, he ventured to discuss, in a practical manner, the great question of social regeneration; but he did it "timidly, and with many misgivings, for he was not yet quite sure of his public, and still less of himself."

"It was not till the last half year of its continuance," he adds, "that I succeeded in working myself into the clear light of day, and became able, in my own estimate of myself, to pass finally, in my public communications, from the inquirer to the teacher. Then only could I feel, that the fetters which had bound my soul, and against which I had struggled in vain for twenty-five years, were broken, and that I was free; then only was it that the scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and that I could see where I stood, and what must henceforth be my direction. The mist vanished, and I could see men in their due proportions and proper forms, not merely 'as trees walking.' Then commenced with me a new intellectual epoch, which must, to some extent, give a new phase to my writings."‡

His Quarterly Review is the expression of this new intellectual epoch. The articles on religion display the various phases of his religious mind during the last year. They exhibit the various steps by which he advanced from an obscure and imperfect, to a clear and perfect knowledge of religious truth. The four numbers of his Quarterly, if we may be pardoned the illustration, remind us somewhat of

* This figure is his own, as we shall presently see.
† Review, page 3.

*Ibid. pp. 3, 4. †Ibid. p. 5. ‡Ibid. p. 6.

the four seasons of the year at which they were respectively published; so far, at least, as they discourse on religious subjects.

In the January number Mr. Brownson, though healthy, vigorous, and active, seems to be somewhat under the influence of the chilly and dreary season of winter. The atmosphere in which he moves, though bracing and wholesome, is still charged with mist and vapor. The sun of truth breaks forth upon him only occasionally and fitfully, from the heavy clouds which dim its radiance; and even when these clouds have cleared away, the luminary sends down its rays obliquely, and with diminished brilliancy and warmth.

In the April number, the mild and fertilizing genius of spring is upon him, and has already inspired him. His mind is filled with renewed energy, his spirit kindles with renewed fervor, his heart is filled with a new joy. Flowers spring up along his pathway, delighting the eye with their brilliant hues, and filling the air with their charming fragrance. He has discovered not only much of the substance, but also many lovely traits in the beauty and the poetry of truth. His bosom swells with pleasing emotions, and he seems ready to break forth with the Spouse in the Canticles, "Winter is now past; the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land."* He scatters his seed with a steady hand, and with a bosom filled with hope.

In the July number his soul seems to glow with the additional light and heat of the season. The seeds which he has planted have already sprung up, and the plants have grown apace, and are already fast approaching to maturity. The blossom has fallen, and the fruit not only discloses itself, but is already beginning to ripen.

Finally, in the October number, his spirit is chastened, matured, and subdued like the season; and the seeds, which he had sowed with much labor and weeping, have already produced abundant fruits, which he now gathers with joy and thankfulness. He had been a seeker, and he has now found; he had knocked, and it has now been opened to him; he had asked, and he has now received.

To vary somewhat the illustration: in January he caught a glimpse of the glorious temple of truth, from afar off; it was a beautiful and charming prospect; but the distance seemed so great, and the obstacles intervening so numerous, and even insurmountable, that he appeared to have almost given up in despair all idea of approaching it, and to be satisfied with remaining where he was. In April, however, he found himself much farther on; the intervening distance had greatly decreased; many obstacles had already disappeared, and the temple rose up before him with renewed grandeur and beauty, as if inviting him to approach still nearer, and to examine leisurely, and in detail, its noble form, its stately proportions, and its lovely ornaments and fairy tracery.

In July he has already approached the temple, has traversed its portico, knocked at its very portals, and caught a glimpse of its interior. After a brief hesitancy, as if awe-stricken by the transcending beauties which decorated and gemmed the interior of the temple, he finally entered in, in October; he knelt in humble thankfulness to the God who had watched over him during his long and arduous pilgrimage after truth. He fell down reverently before the altars at which *his* forefathers had worshipped for centuries, and there pledged himself to continue, through weal and through wo, during his whole life, faithful to that temple, and an humble and fervent worshipper in its inner sanctuary!

Such are the various interesting phases through which the religious mind of Mr. Brownson passed, while he was writing the first volume of his Review; such was the important result which he realized at its close. It can not but be interesting to trace the religious progress of such a man; to behold his ingenuous and mighty intellect struggling with and overcoming difficulties, breaking the bonds of prejudice and error, casting away darkness, and yielding to the guidance of that light "which enlighteneth every man coming into this world." At a period when a dark cloud of slander and persecution is overhanging our church in this country, and when Catholics are bitterly assailed, not only in their religion, but in their very person and character, it must be consoling that such a man as Mr. Brownson has thought proper, after a long and mature investigation, to embrace our holy religion. The testimony of one such man for us is far

* Canticle ii, 11, 12.

more weighty than that of a thousand fierce and unmitigated bigots against us; for *his* testimony is disinterested and founded upon an enlightened judgment; *theirs* is often the result of mere blind passions, and of the grossest ignorance and prejudice.

We design, in the remainder of this paper, to present a very rapid analysis of the various stages of Mr. Brownson's religious progress, and of his thoughts, views, reasonings, and conclusions at each stage. Our analysis will be necessarily very brief and imperfect. It is, in fact, next to impossible to condense Mr. Brownson; for he has already brought his thoughts into the most compact form; and the one who attempts to abridge him, runs the risk of either mistaking his meaning himself, or of giving a very partial or erroneous impression of it to his readers.

The great characteristic of Mr. Brownson's mind is progress; he sometimes moves faster, sometimes slower; the stages of his thought are sometimes longer, sometimes shorter; but he always progresses. To keep up with him, you must take his own gait, move when he moves, and stop when he stops. We will, for the present, consider each of the numbers of his Review as so many stages in his religious progress, and will, accordingly, make a few remarks on the characteristic traits of each.

I. In the first article of the January number he thus speaks of his past and actual theological opinions.

"In theology, six years ago, I had worked my way up to a considerable distance above zero, where I found myself in 1829; but I still retained, unconsciously, some traces of former naturalism and pantheism. I believed that I was a believer. . . . . I accept with my whole heart, without any prevarication, mystification, or mental reservation, the gospel of Jesus Christ, in the ordinary sense of the Christian world; and I hold the church to be the depository of the sacred traditions, and the medium through which the divine life of Jesus, or the Holy Ghost proceeded forth from the Father *and the Son*, is transmitted from generation to generation, and communicated to the world for the redemption and sanctification of sinners. I hold that the church is a divine institution, an inspired body, founded on the Rock of Ages, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; that it is the ground and pillar of the truth, and the authoritative representative of the will of God upon earth."*

* Pp. 9, 10.

One would think that this profession of faith is ample enough to cover the whole ground of orthodoxy. But it appears certain that, though Mr. Brownson has already succeeded in getting rid of many previous errors and false theories, he was not yet blessed with the full light of religious day. He beheld the beautiful form of truth enveloped in a mist. He had as yet but a glimpse of the true nature and offices of the church. He saw "through a glass, and in an obscure manner," the glass of erroneous or defective theories, which, he persuaded himself, he had already abandoned.

In his theory of the church, if we have rightly caught his meaning, he seems to apply his favorite doctrine of human progress to the church itself, and to maintain the progressive *perfectibility* of this divine institution, keeping pace in its development with the wants and progress of mankind. Thus he says,

"The true *theory* of the church is, I believe, that through all the successive stages of its existence, it is apostolic, retaining always, and every where, the same authority over faith and discipline, which the apostles themselves had, and that its mission is not merely to preserve the *memory* of a work done, *completed*, but to *continue*, and carry on to perfection, a work *commenced*. It has, indeed, received the law, from which it can in no wise depart, but a law which it is to develop and apply, by virtue of its own continuous inspiration, received from the indwelling Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, to all new questions that come up, and to all old questions coming up in new forms, or under new relations. ITS MISSION IS THE CONTINUED EVOLUTION AND REALIZATION IN LIFE, OF THE TRUTH CONTAINED IN THE PRINCIPLES OF THE CHRISTIAN DISPENSATION, which continued evolution and realization constitute the continued progress of mankind."*

He thinks that the church has asserted this theory of progress with "too much feebleness and timidity," and that, "instead of boldly asserting it to be her right, and her duty to develope and apply the truth, according to the exigencies of time and place, she has left it to be believed that the gospel, instead of being given her merely in germ, to be subsequently developed and applied, was given her as a perfect code drawn out in all the minuteness of detail, and that her sole mission is to preserve the original deposit unaltered, unenlarged, undiminished;" and "he looks upon this as a fundamental error, and one which

* Pp. 10, 11.

has had, and can not but have, the most disastrous consequences."*

He even goes still farther. He believes that the Roman Catholic church yet "suffers her rights to lie in abeyance, is too Protestant, and not sufficiently Catholic;" that "she does not fulfil the conditions of her own theory," and that "the great doctrine of progress, owing to her neglect, has in some measure been wrested from her, and is now sustained by individuals not within her pale."† For these reasons, he declares that he has no intention of joining that church.

"There is no truth in the report that I have joined, or am intending to join, the Roman Catholic church. I am free to confess, that I accept the general theory of that church as the true theory of the church of Christ, but that theory itself prevents me, *in the present state of the religious world*, from seeking to unite myself to the Roman Catholic communion."‡

We need not occupy much space in pointing out the fallacies which lurk under this theory. Mr. Brownson himself subsequently discovered them in the course of his religious progress, and with that noble candor which marks his character, he has altogether abandoned whatever might be deemed objectionable in the theory itself. It is, however, but justice to him to say that, in an answer to a letter addressed him on the subject from Philadelphia, he explained his theory of church progress as referring, not to doctrines or divine institutions, but "solely to the outward *form* and *discipline* of the church."§ The theory, thus explained, is wholly unexceptionable; for "no man will venture to say that the outward form, the usages, and the discipline of the Catholic church, have remained unvaried since the times of the apostles."‖

But if the theory of continual religious progress and development was meant to imply that the church, by virtue of her "continuous inspiration," had the power to make *new* doctrines of faith, in addition to those taught by Christ and his apostles, or that she had any power to change, either directly or indirectly, or to add any thing to the sacred deposit entrusted to her by her divine Spouse, the theory is obviously fallacious. It would presuppose that the original Christian revelation was incomplete or defective, and that the church was established to supply its deficiencies! Who that admits the *fact* that Christianity is the work of a God, is prepared to subscribe to this view?

If, on the contrary, the theory was intended merely to maintain the position that the church was empowered by her divine Founder to be an authoritative witness and expounder of the revelation left as a sacred deposit in her care; to declare, in cases of doubt or controversy, what is faith, and what is not faith, what was revealed by Christ and taught by his apostles, and what was not so revealed and taught, then is the theory itself entirely correct. Without having this judicial power, the church could not have been an adequate witness and secure guardian of the faith; her voice would have been powerless to proclaim the truth, to proscribe errors, or to settle controversies. Men would not have been bound "to hear the church," for her voice would have been uncertain, unauthorized, unofficial,—the mere echo of her own peculiar views, and not the voice of Christ speaking through her, as his specially appointed organ of communication with mankind. But, in this view of the subject, the term *divine assistance* would have been more appropriate to designate the co-operation of God with his church, than that,—*continuous inspiration*,—employed by Mr. Brownson. The church is not, at present, properly speaking, *inspired*, as were the apostles and sacred writers; she is only *divinely assisted* in fulfilling her mission to the world. This divine assistance secures her from error in her *official* communications to the world, and it is amply sufficient to enable her to carry out, fully and safely, the high purposes of her divine Founder and Spouse.

We suppose that, while writing out the religious papers contained in his January number, Mr. Brownson was not yet quite "sure of his public or of himself." Absorbed with the great question of the church, and burning with an earnest desire to impart his own fervid and exalted conceptions of its importance to his countrymen, torn by conflicting opinions, and divided into discordant sects, he stooped to conquer; to conquer sectarism, he descended, for a time, almost to the level of sectarism. His theory on the nature and offices of the church, and on the most effectual means of removing the evils of sectarism, is as novel as

*P. 11. †P. 15. ‡Ibid. §April No., p. 254. ‖Ibid.

it is ingenious. We must, however, do him the justice to say, that the theory seems to have been broached and defended by him, more with a view to stimulate inquiry, than to advocate definite and positive propositions; more as a *temporary* expedient to heal the evils consequent on the anomalous condition of the religious world, than as a settled and permanent system. He seems to have thought better of human nature, and to have augured more from human progress, than sober facts or a sterner philosophy would justify.

He starts out,* by boldly avowing and strongly maintaining the unity and Catholicity of the church. He proves that the church must be one and Catholic; one in her essence, in her doctrines, in her government, in her institutions; Catholic in her extension through all time, and through all space. By applying these undoubted principles, he proves that the Puseyite leaders have signally *failed* to establish their favorite position, and shows that the Anglican is not "*the* Catholic church," nor, "in the Catholic sense, even a church at all."†

"We must not," says he, "forget the *unity* of the church. There is no reserve to be made in favor of *national churches*, as if the church existing in a given nation were an independent church, subsisting by itself, and holding communion with the church existing in other nations, not as the necessary condition of its own vitality, but as a mere act of Christian and ministerial courtesy; for this would be to deny the unity and the Catholicity of the church. It were a real rending of Christ's seamless garment. The church of Christ knows no geographical boundaries, no national limitations, no national distinctions."‡

Still he maintains, as his next step, that no church should unchurch any other that "maintains the Christian principles and spirit in the lives of its members."§ He adds:

"The great question of *the church* should be looked at from a higher and a broader point of view than that of particular communions. The outward form of our Lord's body has been broken into fragments, but it was an IMMORTAL body, and each particular fragment, however small, or however far the adversary may have cast it abroad in the earth, is still quick with its original life, and can not die. Instead then of contending that this or that particular fragment is the whole body, and contains all the life, the real friends of the unity and Catholicity of the church, imitating, as Milton says, the careful search of Isis after the scattered fragments of the torn body of the good Osiris, should seek them in every place of opportunity, and bring them *all* together, to be moulded anew into one homogeneous and lovely form of perfection."*

This passage may be said to contain the gist of that strange theory which maintains that "the true church, the holy Catholic church, does still exist, and has never for one moment ceased to exist, *but exists at the present moment in a fragmentary state.*"† Each of the fragments is still instinct with life; no one of them is the *whole* church of Christ. To bring them together, and to compact them again into one unbroken body, should be the ardent wish, the constant labor of all who love Christ and his church. To accomplish this great purpose, Mr. Brownson recommends three things: first, that "all discussion on the claims of rival communions should be waived;"‡ second, that Christians should not abandon their own particular communion, but should "*stay where they are;*"§ and third, that, meantime, the great question of the church should be constantly agitated, and the importance of unity and Catholicity inculcated, earnestly and eloquently, from every pulpit. He thinks that these means would prove efficacious in healing the evils of the religious world, and bringing back Christians to unity.

He illustrates the proposed gradual reunion of Christians under the operation of this system, by the process of nature in healing a wounded body.

"Nature carries on her curative process by throwing off the bruised flesh, and forming new flesh, simultaneously, and by one and the same operation, by virtue of the *vital principle*, which is in the broken body, and equally, though it may be in unequal degrees, in the several parts. The restoration of unity, and the absorption of all particular communions, must go on simultaneously, and be effected by virtue of the *living principle* still in the broken body of the Lord, and in all the fragments into which it has been broken."‖

After the question of the church shall have been thus fully and sufficiently agitated, he proposes a kind of general council, composed of delegates from all the different communions, to arrange the preliminaries of a permanent

* Article III of the January number, on "the Church Question," being a review of "Tracts for the Times," page 57 seqq. † P. 59. ‡ P. 58. § P. 60.

* Ibid. † P. 77. ‡ P. 76. § P. 78. ‖ Ibid.

reunion of all Christians in the one Catholic church.*

Such are the outlines of Mr. Brownson's theory. It is evidently very inadequate and defective, as he himself subsequently discovered. The experience of three hundred years has fully proved, that no reunion of Christians can possibly be effected without a return to the good old Catholic paths, in which our forefathers walked, before the self-styled reformation had severed unity and scattered division and distraction throughout the Christian world. There is, there can be, no compromise between truth and error; error must yield, and truth must conquer. Were the human body broken up into separate fragments, according to Mr. Brownson's type of the church, we doubt very much whether any curative process would ever approximate the parts, or effect a healing. To use the more appropriate illustration of our blessed Lord himself, branches separated from the vine must wither and die, and can certainly bear no fruit, unless and until they be again grafted on the vine. The mere agitation of the church question will not do. That question has been agitated, sincerely and earnestly agitated, for three centuries; and it has not yet brought about the desired result. The discussion has rather separated than united the conflicting creeds.

The Puseyite movement, so far at least as regards any general reunion of Christians, may be pronounced, and it has been pronounced by Mr. Brownson himself, a complete failure; though it was certainly not for want of agitating the church question. This agitation is very commendable, and may be very useful; of itself, it has ever proved, and must still prove, totally inadequate to effect a reunion among Christians. Isis could not reanimate the scattered fragments of the torn body of Osiris; so, neither can any other earnest seeker after the disjected fragments of Christ's torn body, succeed in reanimating the fragments he may find; even if, according to Mr. Brownson's theory, they should turn out to be *real* fragments of that body, when found.

But we are not disposed to dwell any longer on a theory, which, however ingenious it may have been, was abandoned by its illustrious author, so soon as fuller and a clearer light broke upon his spirit in his onward progress towards Catholic truth. The theory itself may be pronounced to have been a mere tentative process, a mere experiment on a vitiated public opinion, made with the benevolent object of setting that opinion right, by forcibly awakening attention to the great subject of the unity and Catholicity of the church.

II. Such was Mr. Brownson's religious position when he began his Review in January. He saw the church at a distance; he admired her splendid architecture and beautiful proportions; but he was not yet prepared to enter in at her portals, and worship at her altars. In April, he is much farther on. Though he does not yet make a specific declaration of his intention to become a member of the Catholic church, yet he does not, at least, declare the contrary. He has much clearer and more accurate views on the whole subject, than he seems to have had in January. He is now quite sure of his ground; he speaks with confidence; his theories have ripened into a settled system of belief; he seems already to have taken his stand in the religious world.

"On this question of the church," he says, "we are sure of our ground, for we are attempting no innovation. We see very clearly the end to be reached, and the road that leads to it; but we must be allowed to proceed at our own pace. We can not be tempted to turn aside, either to the right hand or to the left, to please, or to avoid displeasing, friend or foe; to engage in any discussion which we hold to be premature, or not likely to be profitable to the cause of unity and Catholicity."*

This number contains two religious articles; one "on the Nature and Office of the Church,"† and the other, entitled "No Church—No Reform."‡ In the former, he explains or modifies his theory of the church, as developed in the January No.; in the latter, he proves, by an elaborate and conclusive course of reasoning, that there can be no social amelioration without the intervention of the church. Our narrow limits will not permit us even to attempt an analysis of these two papers. Yet we must say a few words on that named in the second place, as it is the first of a series of very interesting articles on the same subject, to which we will scarcely be able even to allude in the sequel.

Long and ardently had Mr. Brownson sought

* P. 82.

* P. 256. † P. 243 seqq. ‡ P. 175 seqq.

to solve the great social problem of the age: to mitigate or remove the evils of our social system, and thereby to promote social amelioration and human progress. This seems to have been for many years the darling project of his benevolent and ardent soul. He candidly acknowledges his wanderings on this subject, the different phases of opinions and theory through which he successively passed, and the total inadequacy of all his previous methods to solve the great problem.

He had tried the system of Fourier, with all its cumbrous machinery of *phalanges* and *series*, and with its exclusion of religion from the sphere of social improvement; and it had signally failed of its object. Based on selfishness, it could not raise up the poor who were precisely the victims of selfishness; it could not bring down the rich, and thus equalize the social system; for selfishness had made them rich, and it would prevent them from sacrificing their riches for the general good; in fine, it left the masses where it found them, cold, listless, lifeless; it had no genial warmth to impart, no balm for the "healing of the nations." It positively excluded the only effectual remedy for social evils; the only panacea for healing the wounds of humanity, for bringing down the proud and haughty, and raising up the humble and meek, and for pouring consolation into the crushed and bleeding heart; divine religion, with its balmy hopes, its softening and humanizing influences, and its sweet and soothing principle of disinterested love.

Disgusted with Fourierism, Mr. Brownson next turned to Unitarianism. Fascinated by the beautiful and seductive eloquence and the flowing periods of Channing, he believed that he had already discovered the solution of the great social problem, and that all that was required to solve it, was to preach to mankind the duty of universal and disinterested love, after the example of Christ. But who would hearken to the voice of the preacher? Who would be ready, under the influence of his eloquent appeals, to renounce comforts and riches, in order to promote social improvement? Who would take from the bosom of men their cold, stony hearts, and give them hearts of flesh beating with warming emotions of disinterested love? And without this, what would or could all the preaching avail?

This was the insuperable difficulty which met him at this stage of his progress. To solve it, he was compelled to take much higher religious ground, and to admit the necessity of supernatural aid and grace. God only, who created man, could raise him up *from* his social degradation. The organ of God's communication with the world, and the divinely appointed channel of his graces, is the church. Therefore the church is the only sure basis of social progress. Mr. Brownson beautifully illustrates this argument, as follows:

"Man can not raise himself, nor construct, without going out of himself, a machine by which he can raise himself. Archimedes said he would lift the world, but only on condition of having a stand-point outside of it. The fulcrum of your lever must rest on another body than the one you propose to raise. This is as true in morals as in mechanics, for one and the same dynamic law runs through the universe. If we have no stand-point out of man, no point of support in God himself, then have we no means of elevating man or society. Then, there is already existing the divine institution, the church of God, or there are no means of reform."*

We have room for barely one more brief extract from this interesting article; it is the concluding passage.

"Then, if the church be essential to individual salvation, so is it essential to social salvation. But does the church of God still exist? Doubt it not. Is it still living, and in a condition to do its work? Yes, if you will return to it, and submit to it. You may have abandoned the church, but *it* still exists, and is competent to its work, and all that reformers have to do is, to cease to be 'come-outers,' and *to return to its bosom, and receive its orders.*"†

III. In July we find Mr. Brownson standing on the very threshold of Catholic truth, and, heedless of the clamor which is raised behind him, knocking confidently at the door of the temple for admittance. The straight path of investigation and reasoning, upon which he had entered, had conducted him to this point, almost in spite of himself; and now that he had reached in safety his journey's end, he was too candid a man and too consistent a logician, to think of being ashamed of his position or of retracing his steps.

The four religious articles contained in this number all indicate progress. Mr. Brownson already feels himself clad in the panoply of

* P. 193. † P. 194.

truth; he issues forth confidently into the field of battle, wields his weapons with a strong and steady hand, and fears not a thousand foes. In his paper on "Church Unity and Social Amelioration," he takes up again, and more fully developes, the argument on the same subject commenced in the preceding number; and he proves, by a train of reasoning which it will be difficult to answer, that, without the intervention of the church, there can be no social reform. In the articles "Bishop Hopkins on Novelties," and "Sparks on Episcopacy," he shows the utter inconsistency of the Anglican system,—half Catholic and half Protestant,—proves that the reformation can not be defended on Oxford principles, and establishes the proposition, that Anglicanism can not satisfy a mind panting for unity and Catholicity. He concludes the paper on Novelties in the following bold strain:

"But we shall be told, if we adopt the Oxford theory, we must go to Rome. Well, if we must have a church, and can not have one without returning to the Roman communion, then let us go to Rome. Either accept nochurchism, and say no more about it, or have the courage to accept and avow principles on which a church is defensible. It may be a great humiliation to return and submit to the church which we have been for three hundred years warring against, and many of us may not yet be prepared to do so; but it is far better to return and submit to Rome, than it is to remain under the dominion of absolute individualism, the real man of sin, the very antichrist, dragon, old serpent, the devil, who was to be let loose against the saints, and who would, if possible, deceive the very elect. We own that we are waiting for our Episcopal friends to show us some ground on which we may defend the reformation, or rather, the reformers, in separating from the Roman communion; but we must tell Bishop Hopkins, and we do it with all becoming respect, that to Rome we certainly ought to go, if his is the only ground of defence his church has to offer."*

But, perhaps, the strongest and most stringent argument in the July number, is that on Come-outerism, a strange and uncouth name, given by some one to a new sect of seceders in the east, and applied by Mr. Brownson to denote every species of dissent from the established order of things. In this paper he discusses, in a masterly manner, the great questions of order and anarchy, of authority and dissent, of legal reform and of lawless revolution. He shows that there is a ruinous radical tendency pervading the age, and extending to politics and to society no less than to religion. The effects of this "satanic" spirit on religion, he graphically traces in the following passage:

"In regard to religion, the case stands still worse. Religion, in any high and significant sense of the word, hardly exists amongst us. We have no church, no faith; we have only miserable sectarianism, indifference, hypocrisy, or fanaticism. We have no memories that go back to the founding of the Christian church. Our religious establishments date from 1517. All before that we virtually disown. Our sects are mainly preoccupied each with the struggle for the ascendency. They generate very little piety, command very little religious zeal, and sustain themselves, for the most part, either by leaguing with mammon, or by the application of artificial stimulants, and cunningly devised revival machinery, which produces now and then a sort of galvanic motion, but no genuine religious life."*

He shows that there are two great and all-pervading principles constantly struggling for the mastery in this lower world: truth and error, light and darkness, order and anarchy, obedience and rebellion. God is the author of one, the devil of the other. To deceive mankind, Satan clothes himself as an angel of light, boasts of his patriotism, and makes literature and liberty his watchwords. He makes himself all to all, to deceive and ruin all.

"This (satanic) spirit," says Mr. Brownson, "has taken full possession of modern literature. All our popular literature is Titanic, and makes war on the divinity. It is profoundly revolutionary . . . . . The watchword of the whole party affected by this spirit, whatever its Protean shapes, is LIBERTY. This is the angel of light, whose disguise the devil has chosen, and in which he walks abroad to and fro in the earth, seeking whom he may devour."†

Between the two great conflicting principles just referred to, Mr. Brownson has taken his choice.

"For ourselves, we have made our choice. We began our career with the radical tendency. We accepted it in good faith, and followed it till we saw where it must necessarily lead. We recoiled from its consequences, and sought by an impotent eclecticism to reconcile the two principles, to harmonize authority and the independence of the subject, till we found our speech confounded, and saw that the attempt was as idle as that of the builders in the

* Pp. 366-7.

* Pp. 368-9. † Pp. 373-4.

plain of Shinah, who would build a tower that should connect earth with heaven. Nothing remained but to take our stand on the conservative side, and submit ourselves to authority, and take the ground that reforms are never to be attempted in opposition to established authorities; that is, on individual responsibility alone. We abandon no love of progress, we give up no hope of improvement, but hold that improvement must come from high to low, not from low to high. It is God that descends to man, the Word that becomes flesh; not man that ascends to God, not humanity that becomes divinity."*

We have room for but one more extract from the July number, which fearlessly exhibits the religious stand Mr. Brownson already felt himself compelled to take, if he wished to be consistent with his principles, and did not choose to recoil from the conclusions flowing clearly and irresistibly from the premises he had laid down. In this passage he openly avows his opinion, that either the Roman Catholic church is the true church, or that the true church does not any longer exist on the face of the earth.

"We have no wish to disguise the fact,—nor could we, if we would,—that our ecclesiastical, theological, and philosophical studies have brought us to the full conviction that, either the church in communion with the see of Rome is the one holy Catholic apostolic church, or the one holy Catholic apostolic church does not exist. *We have tried every possible way to escape this conclusion, but escape it we can not.* We must accept it, or go back to the no-church doctrine we put forth in our somewhat famous, or rather notorious essay on the laboring classes. Our logic allows us no alternative between Catholicism and Come-outerism. But we have tried Come-outerism to our full satisfaction. We are thoroughly convinced in mind, heart, and soul, that Christ did institute a visible church; that he founded it upon a rock; that the gates of hell have not prevailed, and can not prevail against it; and *that it is the duty of us all to submit to it, as the representative of the Son of God on earth.*"†

IV. In the October number we find Mr. Brownson standing on the highest Catholic ground, and maintaining his elevated position with singular courage and ability. He exults "like a giant who has run his race," and already reached the desired goal. He breathes a new atmosphere, is irradiated with a new light; he is clothed with new "strength from on high," and his soul kindles with a new fervor. The true Catholic spirit vivifies, and lends enchantment to his writings. He is not only himself, but he is raised above himself. He has now, after all his painful wanderings, fully realized that security and peace for which his spirit had so long and so ardently sighed; he has reached in safety the ark of God, and floats in it triumphantly amidst the overwhelming deluge of conflicting errors. He now finds realized in himself all that he had panted for in the beginning of the year, and, like the dove, he has found shelter in the ark.

"Let loose, like Noah's dove from the ark, ere the waters had abated, we have found no resting place for the soles of our feet; and weary with our endless flight over the wild and weltering chaos, produced by the deluge of rationalism and infidelity, we return, and beat against the windows of the ark, impatient till the patriarch reaches forth his hand and takes us in."*

The two religious articles contained in the October number, evince signal ability and rare polemic powers. That on "Fourierism repugnant to Christianity," concludes his argument on the church as the basis of all social amelioration, and proves that the system of Fourier is not only totally inadequate to supply the pressing wants of society or to heal its many crying evils, but that it is also directly opposed to the Christian system. But the most able article of the number, and the one which struck us more forcibly, in fact, than any paper in the whole volume, is that which proves "the Anglican church Schismatic." It furnishes one of the very best specimens of close and cogent reasoning that we have ever chanced to meet with. It is a perfect gem in its kind. We can not attempt to analyse it; it is already reduced to the lowest analysis. It contains a triumphant answer to objections raised by the adroit and ingenious editor of the New York Churchman against the church theory of Mr. Brownson; and is, in a brief compass, one among the ablest arguments in favor of the Catholic church we have ever seen. It occupies the whole ground, views the subject under every aspect, and parries, or turns against himself, every thrust of the "Churchman." Take, for instance, the following specimen of his reasoning:

* P. 384.
† P. 387. The italics in this passage are our own.

* P. 83.

"But you say that she (the Roman Catholic church) has separated herself virtually, if not actually, from the church of Christ, by having corrupted the word of God, and departed from the faith once delivered to the saints. By her corruption and heresies she has ceased to be an integral portion of the church of Christ. Therefore, to separate from her communion, was not to separate from the church of Christ.

"Admitting the premises, we must, of course, admit the conclusion. But against these premises we allege, first, that the faith of the Roman church, prior to the reformation, was the faith of the whole Christian world, with the exception of condemned heretics and schismatics, not to be counted. If Rome had departed from the faith, the whole church, *quoad* church, had departed from it and become heretical, and therefore had failed. But Christ has promised that his church shall not fail, and given it assurance of exemption from error, in promising it the spirit of truth, which shall lead it into all truth, and to be with it himself all days unto the consummation of the world. But Christ is God, and it is impossibe for God to promise and not to fulfil. Therefore, his promise made to the church could not fail. But, if the promise of Christ could not fail, the church could not lapse into heresy. Then the church of Rome, since its faith was that of the whole Christian church, had not lapsed into heresy, and therefore was not corrupt and heretical, as the argument presupposes."*

He thus turns upon the "Churchman" his own admissions:

"Even the *Churchman* itself calls its church 'the *reformed* Catholic church,' which admits its fallibility; for if it had not been fallible, it could never have needed reforming; and being fallible, who shall assure us that it may not need reforming again? This is enough for us. We have been forced by our own errors, mistakes, misapprehensions, self-contradictions, and frequent changes of opinion on all subjects, even the most vital, to admit that our own reason alone is not adequate to settle the great questions which concern our peace and salvation. We must have a guide, but do not mock us with a fallible guide. Talk not to us of a church, unless you have an *infallible* church to offer us. We have followed a fallible guide long enough. We believe Christ did found an infallible church, rendered infallible by his perpetual presence and supervision. To that church we willingly yield obedience. But your church is not it; for yours, by your confession, is fallible. We have therefore been obliged to look beyond Anglicanism, to a church which at least claims to be infallible, and which demands our obedience only on the ground that it is infallible."†

* P. 496. † Pp. 512-13.

At the close of the article he avows himself a Roman Catholic, in the fullest and most extended sense of the term, in the following eloquent and noble passage:

"Nor have we any sympathy with the war of *the Churchman* against the papacy, and whether we find few Romanists or many to go with us, we would not destroy the papacy, nor lessen in the least the power of the pope, if we could. We dare be known to be one of those who believe that the papal authority is none too great; and we fully believe if the almost martyred Gregory VII had succeeded in securing to the church the independence he asserted, and for which he struggled through life, a far different and far happier world had been realized to us and to our children. We fear not the power, but the weakness of the papacy; and we have no sympathy with those who would make the pope a mere presiding officer, and only allow him the place of honor at the feast, or in the procession. We find Anglicanism more objectionable in its rejection of the papacy than in any thing else. This was its primal sin, its mother error, from which has come, as a natural progeny, the whole brood of errors. Had it not been for the papacy, the church, humanly speaking, had failed long ere this. In the institution and preservation of the papacy, we see the especial providence of God. We shrink not from the abused name of papist, and we only regret that the ambition or wickedness of civil rulers have been able to prevent the papacy from doing all the good it has attempted. No man must think to frighten us by the cry of 'popery.' Happy are we to acknowledge the authority of the holy father; more happy shall we be, if we can so live as to secure his blessing."*

No human motive could, by possibility, have induced Mr. Brownson to embrace the Catholic religion. Every human motive, on the contrary, strongly tended to dissuade him from taking this important step. In embracing Catholicism, he knew and *felt* that he was taking up a heavy cross. Dreadful struggles from within, and fierce opposition from without, presented almost insuperable barriers to his conversion. He passed them all, with the divine light and assistance, and happily reached the long sighed for goal of truth. He bowed down his noble intellect unto obedience, reducing it under the captivity of faith. He sacrificed his prejudices, his feelings, his most darling inclinations, before the altar of his God! He left the smooth and pleasing path of private judgment, and entered into the strait and

* Pp. 513-14.

rugged path of authority. He spurned the primrose dalliance with fancy, and embraced the stern realities of religion. He "denied himself, took up his cross," and "left all things to follow Christ whithersoever he might go."

Thus has he become a little child in order to gain the kingdom of heaven. He has given all things to possess himself of the hidden treasure of the gospel. Like Samson of old, he has broken the cords of prejudice with which he had been long bound, and with as much ease as if they had been so many cob-webs; and like Samson, he need not fear to encounter a whole army of the Philistines. But let him remember, that Samson's strength was all supernatural, and that it was a boon awarded him by God for his fidelity to his vows as a Nazarene; and let him remember, too, that Samson was again delivered over to blindness and bondage in punishment for his unfaithfulness to God. "Let him who thinketh that he stands, take heed lest he fall!"

Truly are we delighted at the conversion of Mr. Brownson. We view it as a signal triumph for our church, especially at a period when it is so fiercely assailed with misrepresentation and calumny. But, though filled with joy at an event so auspicious, we are not disposed to boast of it, or to magnify its importance. The true Catholic spirit is not one of parade or boasting; it is a spirit of quietude, of humility, of thankfulness. The Catholic church, though honored by the tribute of genius, can yet afford to do without this honor, and be content with the plainer and more simple homage of her own favorite and dearly cherished little ones. In fact, she spurns the offering made by genius at her shrine, unless it be made with the humble and single heart of a child. Genius can not cast her down, so genius alone can not build her up. Genius may ornament, it can not be essential to the sacred edifice.

Fervently do we wish and pray that Mr. Brownson may prove a successful, as he certainly is an able, champion of our holy faith. May God bless, and may men encourage, his labors for the truth. May he do in America, what Edward Lucas, another distinguished convert, has been long doing in England; and by his noble championship of the faith, and his bright example of every Catholic virtue, be an instrument in the hands of God for conducting many weary pilgrims to that blessed shrine of truth at which he is now worshipping!

P. S. Since writing the above, we have perused the last January number of Mr. Brownson's Review, and we need scarcely say that we have been delighted with its contents. The articles are marked with the usual earnestness, eloquence, appropriateness and ability of the distinguished writer. They indicate progress, and they have more tnan realized our expectations in regard to Mr. Brownson's future career. We earnestly recommend the work to our readers and to the community generally.

THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.

The Democratic Review. July, 1844. *Outline Sketch of the Government and Administration of Rome and the Papal States.* By J. H. Headley.

FOR more than a thousand years the popes have been the temporal sovereigns of a small territory adjoining the eternal city. It is not our purpose, at present, to inquire into the origin and history of this temporal dominion, to establish its justice, or to assert its utility. Suffice it to say that no government of Europe, or, perhaps, of the world, can boast a more ancient, a more bloodless, or a more honorable origin, or can ground its claims to justice on more unquestionable titles. The popes did not usurp this dominion; it was freely bestowed on them by those who had conquered it in a just war against fierce barbarians, who had themselves seized on it by ruthless violence, after having butchered, expelled, or subjugated the original inhabitants. The popes did not even ambition this sovereignty; it was thrust on them by circumstances almost beyond their control.

In accepting the splendid donation made by the chivalrous Frank conqueror, Pepin le Bref, they did no injustice to the Greek emperors, hitherto the nominal sovereigns of Italy; for the imbecile and perfidious court of Constantinople had almost entirely abandoned Italy to its fate for nearly two centuries, notwithstanding that its people, massacred or ruined by successive barbarian hordes, continually raised their hands in humble supplication, and cried aloud for succor. Crushed by the barbarians, and abandoned in the hour of their greatest need by their natural protectors, the Italians, especially those in the vicinity of Rome, turned their eyes towards the Roman pontiffs, who were finally compelled to call in the Franks to settle the affairs of their distracted country. No one, who has read the history of the period in question, will be disposed to question any of these facts.*

The popes have been often accused of inordinate worldly ambition. But there is one circumstance in the history of their temporal dominion which wholly disproves this accusation. Their territory is as contracted now as it was at its origin, or at any period of its history; it has even been somewhat curtailed of its proportions. The popes have lost some of their districts and cities; they have gained not an inch of territory by conquest during the long period of a thousand years! Had they been the ambitious men their enemies represent them to have been, they surely might have greatly extended their dominions during the middle ages, when circumstances bestowed on them great political influence over the affairs of Europe. The truth is, they had no such ambition; unlike most other temporal sovereigns, they were content with what they had. Eminently pacific in their character and policy, they abhorred war, and cultivated the arts of peace.† They did not wish to have more temporal subjects than their predecessors; they sought rather to promote the temporal happiness of those over whom they already ruled, by adopting a system of wise and moderate government.

We view it as a particular dispensation of divine Providence, that the popes are temporal sovereigns, and also that their sovereignty extends over so limited a territory. Their dominion is just ample enough to make them independent; it is not sufficiently extended to make them great, powerful, or ambitious, or to impart to them any considerable political influence. Had they been able to rank with the greatest sovereigns of Europe, they might

* Perhaps the best work on this subject is the treatise of Orsi—Del dominio temporale dei papi. 1 vol. 12mo. See also Muratori, Annali di Italia, &c. &c.

† Almost the only exception to this remark is Julius II; but if Julius II was warlike, it was chiefly to repel the aggressions of the Venetians, who, he thought, were seeking to encroach on his territory.

have been too much absorbed in worldly affairs, and might have been induced to neglect the weightier spiritual duties of their office. Had they been in possession of no temporal dominion whatever, they would have become necessarily the subjects of one or another of the great European sovereigns, and would have been in consequence grievously embarrassed in the discharge of their spiritual office as chief pastors of Christendom.

These general preliminary remarks introduce us to the brief essay of Mr. Headley, which we would have noticed some months ago, had we not been prevented from carrying out our original intention by circumstances beyond our control. This writer offers to the readers of the Democratic Review, a rapid sketch of the papal government, as at present administered. He does not profess to furnish any thing more than a mere "outline" of the more prominent features in "the government and administration of Rome and the papal states." Hence we can not well blame him for having omitted a great many things which we, however, would have thought very useful, if not wholly necessary, in a sketch of the kind. But we do blame him for having written his essay with so much haste and looseness, for having hazarded some statements either very doubtful, or wholly unfounded in fact; and for having interwoven with his exposition some commentaries of his own, which we deem entirely unwarranted. The whole essay would have been much more satisfactory, had he taken the trouble to inform us concerning the sources from which he derived his facts, and the authorities upon which he relied. From the fact that his statements are, in the main, tolerably accurate, as far as they go, we presume that he must have had access to some, at least, of the proper sources of information; and from the additional circumstance, that the spirit in which his remarks are presented, is generally unexceptionable, we are led to infer that he was not inclined to garble or wilfully to make an improper use of his documents. Yet he has certainly fallen into some important errors, both of omission and commission, which we will feel it to be our duty to point out as we proceed.

He starts out with the following statement:

"Authors differ as to the number of square miles in the papal states. The government generally makes the superficial area about 13,000 Italian square miles, of sixty to a degree. The raccolta, or census, of 1833, makes the population of this territory 2,732,736. Poor as the inhabitants are, only one-third of this territory is cultivated."

Assuming these figures to be correct, we perceive that there are, to each square mile in the states of the church, 210 inhabitants—a number greater than that of Tuscany, France, England, or any other country in Europe, perhaps, except Belgium. This teeming population subsists almost entirely on the productions of the soil; they export at least as much as they import, and yet we are to be gravely told that "only one-third of this territory is cultivated!" This great discovery must have been made by some flying traveller from his coach window!* We will not pause to examine the incidental statement, that, in estimating Italian square miles, sixty are reckoned to the degree. This we believe to be incorrect. An Italian is considerably less than an English mile, and every child knows that sixty-nine and a half English miles are reckoned to the degree.

The writer next tells us that "the dominions of the pope are divided into twenty provinces, the largest of which is the Comarea of Rome, including in its limits Tivoli, Rome, Subiaco;" and that "the remaining nineteen are divided into two different classes, called legations and delegations, the former of which are governed by cardinals, and the latter by prelates."

This may possibly be all correct enough, but we find that the Italian chevalier, Lunadoro, who wrote a work, some years ago, on the Papal Government, reckons only *thirteen* provinces, and that he divides them very differently from Mr. Headley.† Thus he assigns altogether different boundaries to the first province, and he designates it the *campagna* of Rome,‡ not the *comarea*,—a name which we confess is new to us, though we passed several years in the Roman states. It is possible that, since Lunadoro wrote his book, some changes may have taken place in the distribution and municipal arrangements of the territory, but Mr. Headley's statement surely needs some voucher other than his own testimony.

* See the June No. of vol. iii of this Magazine, for a fuller elucidation of this question.

† The work of Lunadoro is entitled: Lo Stato presente, o sia la Relazione della Corte di Roma—in 2 vols. 12mo. See vol. i, pp. 6, 7.

‡ "La prima provincia e la *Campagna* di Roma"—vol. 1, p. 8.

The writer gives us the following account of the distinctive feature in the papal government:

"The government of the kingdom is an elective hierarchy, the pope being its head. He is chosen by the college of cardinals, whose number is limited to seventy, though it has never yet reached, we believe, that number. When the pope dies, they are shut up in the papal palace on the Quirinal, and are not allowed to come out, or to communicate with with each other, except to cast their ballots, until the pope is elected. A majority of two-thirds is necessary to a choice, Austria, France, and Spain, having the power to put each its veto on one candidate."

This we believe to be correct, except, perhaps, that portion of it which seems to restrict the election to the Quirinal palace, the usual place of the conclave, and the remark that the cardinal electors are forbidden all intercourse except in casting their ballots. But we will let this pass.

"The administration of the government," he tells us, "is carried on under the pope, by a cardinal secretary of state, and several boards, or, as they are called, congregazioni, viz: the camera apostolica, or financial department, the cancellaria, the diataria (*dataria?*), and the penitenziera (*penitenzeria?*), or secret inquisition. . . . . The cancellaria, mentioned above, is the chancery court, and the dataria, a court for ecclesiastical benefices. To these might be added the Buon Governo for the municipal police, the congregazione dei monti for the public debts, and the sacra consulta."

This passage proves to us that the writer had very indistinct and inaccurate ideas of the complexion of the papal government, and of the distinctive characters and functions of the various congregations, or standing committees, of cardinals for carrying it on. He makes a sad jumble of those congregations, the jurisdiction of which is confined to spiritual and church matters, relating to the whole Catholic world, with those the jurisdiction of which is restricted to the temporal business of the papal states. Neither the dataria, nor, much less, the penitenzeria, has any thing whatever to do with the papal government. The former is a court appointed for inquiring into ecclesiastical matters appertaining to the external forum, and for expediting bulls or briefs regarding matrimonial dispensations and benefices; the latter, which is not an inquisition of any kind, takes cognizance only of cases of conscience connected with the sacrament of penance. Both are councils of advice to the pope, not as a temporal sovereign, but as spiritual head of the church; and neither has any thing more to do with the administration of the papal states, than with that of any other state in Christendom.*

Nor was the writer more happy in apprehending the true character of those boards which attend to the administration of merely temporal affairs. Thus he tells us, that the Congregation del Buon Governo was instituted "for the municipal police;" but if this be one of its objects, it is not certainly a principal one. The congregation was established by Clement VIII, not for supervising the police, but for promoting the economical collection and expenditure of the public revenue, especially that accruing from the provinces:† and strangely enough, Mr. Headley himself admits this in the very next column of his paper. The chevalier, Lunadoro, speaks as follows of the objects for which the Buon Governo was instituted:

"The duty of the congregation is to ward off and to prevent those evils which might outrage the economy of the state; and for this purpose, it prescribes to the communes the manner of administering their revenues, it examines their condition, the expenses, the alienations of property they make, the obligations they take upon themselves," &c. And he proceeds to state, that it supervises the imposition of taxes and the collection of the revenue, and decides on all controversies, and redresses all grievances in the premises.

There is another congregation for the especial redress of grievances, of which Mr. Headley makes no mention whatever in his *Outline Sketch;* it is that of dei gravami, or of grievances, established by the energetic Sixtus V. The functions of this congregation are thus sketched by Lunadoro:

"Their office is to see that subjects be not unjustly oppressed by heavy burdens, imposts, or exorbitant taxes; to investigate the modes in which these exactions are made, to take cognizance of injuries inflicted by tax-gatherers, and of the extortions of commissioners;... and if such controversies cannot be terminated

* For a full and accurate account of the nature and office of these and of the other congregations, see the excellent work of Lunadoro, above quoted. This work was written and published at Rome itself, and is a standard authority on the matters of which it treats.

† See the Constitution of Clement VIII. *Pro commissu*, quoted by Lunadoro—vol. ii, p. 123.

by the congregation, they are referred to his holiness," &c.*

We may also add, that there is a separate congregation which holds its sessions in the apartments of the treasurer, and the duty of which is to audit and examine the accounts and returns of the public officers.† Of this, too, Mr. Headley says nothing. The Congregation dei Monti, has more to do with the public savings banks, than with the public debts, Mr. Headley's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.‡

Mr. Headley barely mentions the Congregation della Sacra Consulta, and places it the last on the list of those erected for the administration of the papal dominion. This, too, proves that he had not very accurate information, or very clear ideas, on the papal government. The Sacra Consulta occupies, perhaps, the most conspicuous and important position of all the congregations which preside over the papal administration. It possesses both civil and criminal jurisdiction of the most ample kind; it is a high court of appeal, and one of the highest tribunals for the redress of grievances. Lunadoro gives the following account of its functions.

"It has supreme jurisdiction, both criminal and civil; . . . . . it hears the complaints of the people against the governors, presidents, and other officers of the state; it remedies the unjust grievances of the subjects; it hears the complaints of vassals against the local barons, and wisely removes the causes which gave rise to them; sometimes it takes cognizance of controversies arising between neighboring barons . . .; it watches over the health of the provinces, and dispenses the necessary orders for warding off from them contagious diseases which threaten them; and makes all the necessary dispositions for securing the tranquillity of the state, in order that it may not be harassed by alarms and tumults, or torn by troubles or enmities; it receives the information and processes of criminal causes made by the governors and presidents of the state, who are bound to send to it exact accounts; it supervises the proprietorship and administration of lands, castles, and towns, the relative pre-eminence of governors, and superintends the election of public ministers," &c.§

* Vol. ii, p. 131.
† Id. Ib. p. 132.
‡ Ibid. pp. 129-30.
§ Ibid. pp. 119-20.

We believe that the statement of Mr. Headley on the details of the municipal regulations and of the judicial system of the papal government, though very imperfect, is in general accurate enough. We can find room for but one or two extracts on this branch of the subject, which takes up the greater portion of his brief essay.

"These districts are again divided into communes, with their council, corresponding to our common councils, presided over by the town gonfaliere, or mayor, elected out of the council, and holding his place for two years. He is assisted by anziani, or aldermen, from two to six, according to the size of the town, half of whom retire every two years with the gonfaliere, or mayor. This council assesses the rates, &c., and an annual budget is presented them by the mayor, which, after it receives their sanction, is submitted to the delegate, who in his turn sends it to the Buon Governo, which is composed of twelve cardinals and prelates, after which it is returned to the commune and becomes law. The municipal authorities can discharge no account whatever without this formality, and not a dollar can be raised without it, even for local purposes. This is not, perhaps, an ill-balanced system on the whole, and were it not in a tyrannical (!) government, might work well, though slowly. But the difficulty is, one spirit pervades the whole, and the checks on the people are not from the people, but from the pope, so that there is the semblance of freedom, without its enjoyment."

This remark is as unjust, as it was uncalled for. We have often heard the papal government censured for being too lenient, paternal, and inefficient; but this is the first time that we remember to have heard it called tyrannical, even by an enemy. Does not Mr. Headley himself assure us that the taxes are assessed by the council of each commune, and that the budget must "receive their sanction" ere it can possibly become binding? And are not the members of this council from the people, and chosen by the people? Can any government in the whole world be pointed out which presents so many checks to unjust and exorbitant taxation, or which takes so much pains to prevent the people from being oppressed, or to redress their grievances? And yet we are to be told that it is a tyrannical government! The people of the pope's states, we have reason to *know*, do not think so. Let us hear what Lunadoro, certainly a competent witness, says on the subject.

"This government, though it be an elective monarchy, is believed to be one of the most happy. Holy and wise personages are elected with the special assistance of heaven,—as has been often clearly manifested,—and for this reason it is that, while they confirm the prudent laws of their predecessors, reforming them according to the exigencies of the times, while they love the peace of their subjects, and seek to bestow blessings upon them, to administer justice, and to exalt nobility and virtue, the state is seen to be full of peace, and the people live tranquil lives in the midst of perpetual security."†

We will not venture to say that the papal government has no faults; were it wholly faultless, it would not be a mere human institution. Faults it has, but they are generally on the right side. Besides those indicated above, and which evidently come under this category, we think that the machinery of the government is too cumbrous and complex; it has too many formalities and too little simplicity to work with ease or efficiency. But we must remember that it is an old government, and that these forms have been accumulating for centuries. The Roman court is remarkably tenacious of ancient observance and of precedent; it dreads all innovation, even in temporal matters; it proceeds slowly and cautiously in the work of change, and seems to have caught the spirit of Rome's ancient Fabius Maximus, who *cunctando restituit rem.* But, as we have already had occasion to see, this very cumbrousness of the government machinery is, in a great measure, the result of an anxious wish entertained by successive pontiffs to ameliorate the condition of the people, and to provide means for redressing their just grievances.

But we have never heard of any defaulters under the Roman government; we have never heard of broken banks there, nor of the doctrine of repudiation. And we must have something more than Mr. Headley's bare assertion, before we can believe that it requires "the fifth of the entire receipts to collect the revenue of the government." We can not believe a syllable of this. The prices of provisions and of labor, as well as the salaries of public officers, are *much* lower in Rome than in England or this country; the public officers are at least as honest, and the number of them is not much greater in proportion to the population. How then *can* it be, that the expense of collecting the revenue is so enormous? Mr. Headley admits that the pope gets only "a small portion" of the $300,000, which he says are annually expended to keep up the court, and that "many an English bishop is better secured in his pecuniary emoluments than the pope himself." We believe the annual salary of the pope, as temporal sovereign, is $75,000, the greater portion of which is, however, expended by him in charitable purposes.

The present illustrious pontiff has made most important ameliorations in the municipal administration of the provinces, allowing the people of the communes and città much more ample privileges than they ever had before. The documents containing these improvements were public and official; why is it that Mr. Headley makes no allusion whatever to them?

Of the highest tribunal known in the judicial system of the papal government,—the Sacra Ruota,—Mr. Headley discourses as follows:

"If it be decided that the suit shall still be prosecuted, it goes into the sacra ruota, formerly the supreme court of Christendom, on whose decisions the civilized world waited with awe and deference. Probably no court of the world has ever had such sway, and commanded such respect as this sacra ruota. It still overshadows the papal states, and extends its influence into the Catholic countries of Europe. It is composed of twelve prelates," &c.

We believe that the ruota was fully entitled to all the respect and deference it ever received from the Christian world. Its decisions were seldom, if ever, reversed. They were based upon such wisdom and consummate prudence as no mere human tribunal has ever exhibited. The ruota knew no exception of persons. It was above princely influence, and scorned all species of bribery. Its twelve judges, selected from among the most eminent jurists of Europe, were as little accessible to human respect or undue influence, as any judge that ever sat upon a bench. It furnishes even now continual instances of its noble wisdom and disinterestedness. A few years ago it decided a most important case in favor of a poor orphan, and against one of the first noblemen of the state. The people welcomed

†Id. vol. i, p. 5. "Ripieno di pace lo stato si vede, e vive il popolo giomi tranquilli in mezzo ad una sicurezza perpetua."

the decision with shouts of exultation and triumph.

In furnishing details in regard to this tribunal, we find that Mr. Headley, as usual, differs widely from Lunadoro.* It may be a mere childish prejudice in us, but we candidly admit that, in such grave matters, we prefer to be guided by the Italian chevalier.

In one thing, if in no other, Mr. Headley praises the papal government, for having had the charity to provide for the defence of the poor in actions at law.

"Government provides a sort of attorney general, whose services the accused can always command. He is appointed by the pope, and supported by a salary, and called the *avvocato dei poveri* (advocate of the poor). This would not be a bad plan for us to adopt. An attorney general to *defend* the poor, rather than one to accuse them, would, we think, better subserve the ends of justice."

This is but one out of a thousand instances of the generous charity of the Roman government towards the poor. The Roman pontiff is still, what he was in the days of the Leos and the Gregories, the father of the poor. If he is popular with the Roman people generally, he is doubly dear to the poor. As he passes by, these often raise the cry: "*Santo padre! pane e bajocchi!*"† And they never raise it in vain. In cases of famine, drought, pestilence, or any other calamity, the Roman government always manifests a princely charity for the sufferers. Thus, when a few years ago an earthquake visited a portion of Umbria, and spread ruin among the peasantry of a few towns and villages, the Roman government instantly sent twelve thousand dollars for the relief of the sufferers, and the Roman people sent an equally large sum. What noble institutions of charity has it not scattered through Rome and throughout the whole states of the church? What character of disease or affliction is there for which it has not provided a comfortable asylum? Perhaps there is no government in the world,—there is certainly no one of the same size and population,—which has founded as many or as splendid charitable institutions. Where, in the wide world, will you find any charitable institutions equalling the hospital of Santo Spirito, or the Ospizio of San Michele, in Rome? They as much surpass every other institution of the kind, as St. Peter's church surpasses every other church in all Christendom.

We are aware that *habeas corpus* is not secured by the modern Roman law, which is, in fact, the old civil law, as modified by the canon law and local statutes. But we can not believe the statement of Mr. Headley, that in Rome "the suspected person may be imprisoned *merely on suspicion, ad indefinitum.*" If he can not sue out a regular *habeas corpus*, he may obtain redress in many other ways. As Mr. Headley did *not* tell his readers, there are in Rome tribunals for the redress of *all* grievances, and of that of too long or unjust imprisonment amongst the rest. The mercies of the Roman government are above all its works; and we defy Mr. Headley to produce one single instance, in modern times, of the iniquitous imprisonment he complains of. When the Bolognese territory revolted a few years ago, did not Austria openly complain of the excessive leniency of the Roman government towards the ringleaders of the rebellion? Instead of suffering the death of traitors, as would certainly have been the case in any other European government, they were, with but few exceptions, merely imprisoned for a time or banished the territory! When the Austrian army reached Bologna, and when the French army took possession of Ancona, the proceedings against the disaffected were much more rigorous and summary. Finally, in Rome, there exist regular charitable associations, the leading purpose of which is to visit and console the imprisoned. Where else, in the world, will you meet with such a charity as this?

Mr. Headley admits that "about three-fourths of the children of Rome receive gratuitous instruction;" and yet he asserts, oddly enough, that "education is in a low state, and the ignorance of the poor most deplorable!" He also says, without any warrant whatever, and against the positive facts of the case, that "there is no provision for educating the females!" Has he ever heard of the schools established for this purpose by St. Joseph Calasanzio?

We take our leave of Mr. Headley for the present, hoping that he will not take in an unkind part any thing we may have said; and that he will study his subject better, and be more sure of his ground, ere he again attempt to write an "outline sketch."

* Vol. ii, pp. 286-7. † Holy father! bread and cents!

PILGRIMAGE OF FAITH.

On the earth's dreary waste a fair pilgrim appeared,
  Down her cheek there oft trickled a tear;
Her meek face to the heavens she sighingly reared,
  And exclaimed that her *home* was not here!

The vain world, with its flatt'ring delusions, attracted
  For a moment her sorrowing eyes;
Yet, with all their false glare, its pomps never distracted
  Her pure thoughts from her *home* in the skies.

She was scoff'd! she was taunted, and yet she was calm;
  She requited all wrongs with her love;
For she steadily looked to the throne of the Lamb,
  To her *home* in the regions above.

Whether sighing, rejoicing, or praying for all,
  Or engaged in her labors of love,
Neither man nor the world her attention could call
  From her *home* in the heavens above.

She was always the same, whatsoever her lot,
  With a smile sweetly wreathing her cheek;
And 'mid sorrow and anguish, she never forgot
  Her bright *home* in the heavens to seek.

With a veil o'er her brow, but a fire in her heart,
  On its altar that ceased not to glow,
She sighed warmly from earth's fading joys to depart,
  For she trampled on all things below.

That dark veil, by kind death, shall be torn from her brow,
  And new light shall then burst on her eyes;
But that fire shall not cease ever warmly to glow
  In her own happy *home* in the skies.*

Happy home! where her pangs and her anguish shall cease,
  And her God shall chase off ev'ry fear;
And her joys, and her bliss, shall for ever increase,
  Without death, without sorrow, or tears! S.

* 1 Corinthians xiii.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

LEGENDARY BASSO-RELIEVOS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY L. C. BOISTINIERE.

Continued from p. 47.

BEFORE entering upon the description of the relievo which represents the two last incidents in the life of the Blessed Virgin, we beg leave to present a synopsis of a little poem, which will facilitate and abridge the description of the statuary part. This poem has been collected by Jacques de Voragine in his *Golden Legend.* We do not give it as a record of facts, but merely as a dramatic and highly poetic representation of certain events, and throwing much light upon the sculpture to which we shall refer in the sequel.

"At the times when the apostles were dispersed in different parts of the world preaching the gospel, Mary dwelt near the mountain of Sion, spending her life in visiting, with great devotion, the places made holy and glorious by the baptism, fasting, prayer, passion, sepulture, resurrection, and ascension of her Son. She had then attained her sixtieth year, for she conceived Jesus at the age of fourteen, brought him forth when fifteen, lived thirty-three years with him, and survived him twelve years.

"One day the Virgin, burning with the desire of beholding again her Son, and weeping and bewailing her exile, because, bereft of her Son, she could no longer be consoled, an angel clothed in light appeared to her. 'Hail Virgin holy,' said he, 'thou art blessed, but receive also the salutation of him who blessed Jacob. Here, O sovereign Lady, is a bough of palm-tree which grows in Paradise. You shall have it carried before your bier, for in three days you will be taken from the body to enter the glory of your Son.' Mary answered: 'Let it be done as you say; but I earnestly desire to have the apostles, my brothers and sons, around me once more, that before I die I may see them with the eyes of my body, that in their presence I may return my soul to God, and that they may attend to my interment. Allow me also to make the request I often made to my Son whilst on earth, that when my soul shall depart from my body, it may meet no frightful spirits, and may not have to encounter the evil one.' The angel said: 'He who carried a prophet by the hair from Judea to Babylon, will be able to conduct the apostles hither; neither shall you have to dread the presence of the evil spirit, you who trampled upon his head, and robbed him of his empire.' In saying this, the angel returned to heaven in floods of light, as he had descended.

"In the meantime the bough, which he had left, was glittering with light; it was as green as a natural bough, and yet its leaves were as dazzling as the morning star. Mary then retired to her couch to remain there until the hour of her sepulture.

"Whilst John was preaching in Ephesus thunder was heard, and a white cloud rapt the apostle and brought him before the house of Mary, which he entered, and saluted his mother. Mary was so happy to see him, that she could not restrain her tears. 'John,' said she, 'remember the words of your Lord, who committed me to your care. God calls me to himself; I give you the charge of my body, for the Jews have resolved to wait for the death of her that brought forth Jesus, in order to take her body and cast it into the flames. You shall have this bough carried before my bier when you will convey me to the grave.' And John wept.

"At the same time the thunder roared, and every one of the apostles, taken in clouds

from the different countries where they had preached, were carried to the house of the Blessed Virgin. John went to meet them, and informed them that our Lady was about to die. Wiping away his tears, he entreated them not to bewail her death, for fear that the people should be scandalized, and say: 'Behold, these are affrightened by death, and yet they preach a resurrection.'

"When Mary saw all the apostles gathered around her bed, she blessed our Lord. She had them seated in the midst of glittering lamps: she showed them the luminous bough, and dressed in the robes of death, she waited for her last moment. Peter was at the head of the bed, John at the foot, and the other apostles around it singing the praises of the Virgin. Towards the third hour of the night, a violent clap of thunder shook the house, and a fragrance of so delicious a nature perfumed the whole room, that all the assistants, excepting the apostles and three virgins who held lights, fell into a profound sleep. Jesus Christ then arrived with the orders of the angels, the assembly of the patriarchs, the crowds of martyrs, the army of confessors, the choir of virgins. All gathered round the bed of the Virgin and chanted the sweetest canticles.

"Jesus said to his mother: 'Come, thou, the chosen of my heart, I will place thee upon a throne; I sigh for thy beauty.' 'Lord,' said Mary, 'my heart is ready.' Then all those who had come with Jesus, sang softly. Mary herself united her voice to theirs, and sang these words: 'All generations shall call me blessed, because he, who is mighty, has done great things to me.' In the meantime the chanter of chanters most excellently entoned: 'My bride, come from Libanus, come! thou shalt be crowned.' 'Behold, I come rejoicing at your voice,' said Mary; and her soul, leaving her body without pain, rushed into the arms of her Son. Jesus said to the apostles: 'Carry the body of my mother with honor to the valley of Josaphat; lay it in the tomb which is there prepared for it, and wait three days until I return to you.' At the same moment the roses and lilies of the valley, that is, the martyrs, the confessors, the virgins, and the angels, surrounded the soul whiter than milk, which was carried by Jesus Christ, and ascended to heaven with it. The apostles exclaimed from below, in seeing it ascending, 'Virgin, most prudent, remember us.'

"The saints who had remained in heaven were charmed by the melody of those who ascended, and when they beheld their own King, carrying in his arms the soul of a woman, they wondered and exclaimed: 'Who is she that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delights, and leaning on her beloved?' 'She is beautiful among the daughters of Jerusalem,' answered those who accompanied her; 'and, as you knew her full of charity and love, so you shall behold her on a throne of glory, sitting at the right hand of her Son.'

"The assistants, who had been sleeping, awoke then, and seeing the lifeless body, began to weep. The three virgins who were holding lights, undressed the body to embalm and shroud it, but it became so bright that they could not see it; that brightness lasted until the body was completely covered with a shroud. The apostles then took the sacred relic with great respect and devotion, and placed it upon a bier. John, who had drank at the fountain of grace, whilst reposing upon the bosom of Jesus, carried the bough of palm-tree sparkling with light. Peter and Paul raised the bier upon their shoulders. Peter entoned the *In exitu Israel de Egypto*, and the other apostles continued to chant that psalm in a low voice. God concealed under a cloud the apostles and the body, so that they could be heard singing without being seen. Angels walked in procession, mingling their voices with the apostles', and filling the earth with sounds of marvellous sweetness.

"All the people of Jerusalem were impressed by the delightful melody, and they came in crowds inquiring what it was. 'It is Mary who is dead,' was answered them, 'and the disciples of Jesus are conveying her to the tomb with the music you hear.' They ran then to arms, in great excitement. 'Let us kill the disciples,' said they, 'and burn the body of her who brought forth that seducer.' The high priest trembled with rage. 'Behold,' said he, 'the remains of her who troubled our country! behold the glory that is given to her.' He laid his hands upon the bier to overthrow it, but both his arms were suddenly stiffened, and nailed to the bier, so that he hung by the arms with excruciating pain. All the people were struck with blindness by the

angels who were stationed in the clouds. 'St. Peter!' exclaimed the high priest, 'have mercy on me; remember how I helped you when the house maid accused you.' 'I have no time,' answered St. Peter, 'I am engaged in the service of our Lady; but believe in God and in the Virgin who gave him birth, and thou shalt be made whole.' 'I believe!' said the high priest, kissing the bier, and suddenly his hands were loosed, and his arms revived. 'Take this bough,' said the chief of the apostles, 'extend it over that people: whoever will believe, shall recover his sight.'

"In the meantime the apostles had reached the valley. They placed the body in a sepulchre similar to that of Jesus Christ, and kneeling by it, they wept and sang. The third day a luminous cloud overshadowed the sepulchre, a delightful fragrance arose from it, heavenly voices resounded, and Jesus Christ descended on earth, surrounded by a multitude of angels. He saluted his disciples, saying: 'Peace be with you.' They answered: 'Glory be to thee, who alone doest great wonders.' 'What honors do you think I ought to pay to my mother?' said Jesus. 'O Lord,' said they, 'raise her again, and place her by you.' Then Michael came, and presented to our Lord the soul of Mary, and Jesus said: 'Awaken, O my beloved, vessel of life, temple of glory, that thy body which has not been contaminated by the impurity of marriage, may not be soiled by the worms of the grave.' The soul of Mary then rejoined her body, and she burst forth from the tomb all glorious. She winged her flight through the air amidst crowds of angels, and was received into heaven by her Son, who embraced her and clothed her with splendor. There she is, surrounded by the company of angels, encircled by the archangels, supported by the thrones, crowned by the dominations, environed by the apostles, honored by the virtues, praised by the cherubim, extolled by the seraphim, the Trinity rejoice in her, martyrs supplicate her, virgins surround her with harmonies, and hell itself howls with rage at the sight of her glory.

"The apostles piously kissed the sepulchre, and dispersed again over the different parts of the world, to be fishers of men, by drawing them into the net of their words."

Such is the dramatic legend, charming in its simplicity, but which the reasoning faith of our days will no doubt call an absurd and incredible story. We give it as a mere traditional legend, and have no wish to enforce the belief of its statements, but whatever may be thought of it, it richly inspired the imagination of the pious artist whose work we are now to examine, carved in bass-relief upon one of the portals of Notre-Dame at Paris. We borrow for this purpose from the talented description of Mr. Didron, which we will, however, endeavor to condense as much as possible.

"The one hundred and seventy-two characters of the little drama above mentioned, each occupy a place in the tympanum of the portal, and in the *voussure* or arch of the vault we are examining. By grouping together this left portal and the eight bass-relief frames of the exterior wall of the apsis, the stone legend is made as complete as the written one. We first see the Virgin lying on her death-bed, surrounded by the twelve apostles, overpowered with grief. These figures, which are very much injured in the cartouches, are admirably well preserved in the western portal, where we see the apostles assisting at the burial. Here we can discover their diverse expressions of hope and sorrow. We easily recognize, at the head of the bed, St. Peter, a sanguine, ardent face, with crisped hair, a thick and short beard, a changeable but energetic temper; at the foot of the couch St. John stands, with a countenance still youthful. His expression is melancholy, broken and dejected. He suffers the keen anguish of a son who beholds his mother dying; the pain of a friend who loses the mother of his friend; but hope animates his despair; eternal life beams upon him from a transitory death. There is something full of heavenly confidence in that face darkened by earthly sorrow. The other apostles, of various ages and temperament, show also varied expressions of sadness. Their hands are clasped together in sign of affliction, or raised to their eyes suffused with tears; they incline their heads, and drop their arms. Suddenly, in the midst of that immense bewailing, Jesus appears as a divine Sun, whose presence dispels the gloom of earth; the Virgin partially raises herself at the approach of her Son, then falls back and dies.

"The twelve apostles then weeping, and singing sacred hymns, raise upon their shoul-

ders the coffin, more precious than a shrine, in which the body of the Virgin reposes for three days. Six on one side, hold the forepart of the litter, three of them support the right shaft, and three the left. Six are behind, arranged in the same order. Grief has already wrinkled every brow, emaciated every face, and bared or whitened every head. For, he who loses an only daughter or a beloved mother, does not suffer so much as they did in that moment. They saw the Son dying, they also beheld the mother dying; and had it not been for the word of Jesus who promised to be always with them, had it not been for his late appearance, they would have lost all hope.

"In the meantime, a report of the death of the Blessed Virgin spreads in Jerusalem. The Jews, infuriated at the tidings, hasten to profane the sacred body. One of them has attempted to overthrow the bier, but his hands severed, as it were, with a knife, remain nailed to the coffin; and he is himself thrown into the mire. Another has also laid his hands upon the bier, his arms are paralyzed, and he falls backwards on the body of the former. The apostles continue their march without stopping. They arrive at the valley of Josaphat, figured by two trees, an olive and a fig-tree loaded with fruits. Here ends the funeral pomp. Two angels receive the body of Mary, which could be touched by angels only, and they lay it in a sepulchre cut in the rock. The grief of the apostles here appears in all its intensity. Four of them are sitting, more overwhelmed with sorrow than fatigue; St. Paul and St. Peter on the right, St. Andrew and St. John on the left. St. Paul is entirely bald, and his head leans upon his left hand. St. Peter looks oppressed, but firm. The arms of St. Andrew are clasping his knees. St. John, with a youthful face, and with his hair cut in the shape of a crown, supports his sad countenance with his right hand, whilst the left drops on his knees. As he loses more than any by the death of the Virgin, so he is the more overpowered. The other apostles also suffer much, and the presence of Jesus Christ alone can soothe their grief. Jesus, who has not felt the corruption of the grave, will not suffer his mother to be assailed by it. Three days elapsed, and in obedience to the commands of Jesus, who remained himself but three days in the sepulchre, angels descend from heaven with the soul of Mary, and rekindle in her extinguished body the immortal flame. The Virgin, reanimated, ascends upon a cloud, as in an aerial car, and amidst the acclamations of the angels who carry her, she flies to the highest heaven, where her beloved Son sits on a throne between two kneeling angels. Jesus places his mother on a throne near his; he puts on her head a crown presented by an angel, lays a circlet of stars at her feet, and proclaims that beloved Mother Queen of heaven.

"An ineffable concert then reverberates from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven. What unearthly jubilation is heard from the walls! They appear to start up with joy. First the eight colossal statues of the basement, stand erect, with holy pride. These are, Aaron with the tiara of a high priest; Moses, holding the tables of the law; St. John, the baptist, who carries on a globe the Lamb that washeth away the sins of the world; St. Bernard, who was a devoted servant of Mary; King Philip Augustus, who attributed to her prayers his escape from death at Gisors; St. Dennis, and in fine, two angels, swinging their censers towards the arch where Mary sits on a throne.

"But from the four gorges of the arch in the first story, still brighter love and purer joys burst forth, and encircle with a halo the virgin crowned, and Jesus who crowns her. In the basement of the arch fourteen large figures, erect or sitting, represent the earth entertaining its Queen. Five kings sing to the Virgin praises written upon phylacteries which they hold in their hands, or upon scrolls unfolded on their knees; nine doctors of the new law comment upon passages of the Canticle of Canticles, applicable to the Blessed Virgin and to her Son. This is the modern world, the living world, and properly placed in the lowest story.

"Higher up in the canopy of the arch, is placed the departed world, the crowd of the blessed. First, starting from the circumference to the centre, we observe a line of sixteen patriarchs, with venerable and admirably well carved faces, of fifty or sixty years old, holding in their hands phylacteries more or less unfolded; then another line of the crowned kings of Juda, from whom the Blessed Virgin

was descended; after these the twelve apostles, not the same sorrowful men as we had just beheld them on earth, but glorified and joyful in heaven; in fine, on the left, six angels dressed in long white albs, carrying chandeliers and lighted tapers; on the right, six other angels clad in albs and magnificent copes, held together by golden or diamond clasps, swinging their censers.

"They celebrate this feast under the zodiacal sign of the Virgin. The astronomical Virgin, and the human one, meet and embrace each other in the heavens; the one, crowned with the twelve stars placed upon her head by her divine Son, the other, formed by the hundred and ten stars with which God has composed her constellation. It is in the month of August, when wheat having ripened, been harvested, made into bread, nourishes man, on earth; when the last canicular days have softened and gilded with light and heat the autumnal fruits, then the mother of Jesus, of mature age, and tried by sufferings, broken by the seven most cruel griefs that a human heart ever endured, ascends to heaven; she wings her flight to heaven, when the sun, after having approached us nearer, goes back into the heights of the sky. Without adopting the symbolical and antichristian ideas of Dupuis, we can not refrain from noticing the remarkable coincidence of history and astronomy, the interweaving of the seasons of the church and of those of the year, of the feast days and of the calendar days. The church approved of that harmony, as she acknowledges by the organ of her liturgists. As nothing is more admirable and more natural than this concordance, we have no need of antichristian theories, based on the astronomical observations of the Chaldees, the zodiacs of the Indians and Egyptians. But we should content ourselves with paying a just tribute of praise to the wisdom of that church with whom the Holy Spirit is to abide for ever.

We shall terminate here the description of these bass-reliefs. We may present hereafter a second paper on the subject of Catholic archæology, in its connexion with stained glass pictures. It is an interesting theme for us, though we can scarcely flatter ourselves with having made it so to the reader. This subject has, within a few years, begun to attract general attention; and we may justly congratulate ourselves upon the course which modern archæology has taken. Whatever may be the motives and the spirit which prevail in these investigations, they will at least throw a flood of light upon the monuments of the past. These efforts will gradually bring us to a better understanding of those middle ages, which have been so long unknown and so much misrepresented. In the first place, we will admire the effects of that powerful faith, which was then the spring of all that was done, and which alone could raise mountains of stone. From admiration we will pass to the love of that lively faith, the loss of which we all deplore. When we consider the sudden, recent change of opinion, we can not help wondering, and admiring the ways of God, who turns the heart of man at his own pleasure. Our age is incontestably better than the preceding in many respects; but especially by a greater spirit of justice to the past. This spirit is fully discernible in the historical writings of many men, who are distinguished for their science, though not always members of our faith. By wit, sarcasm and calumny, the philosophers of the last century had insensibly led us almost to repudiate our ancestors, and to blush at their deeds; the epithet of *Gothic* was attributed in a reproachful manner to every thing which regarded the ancient forms of Catholicity; but by an astonishing reaction, philosophism has gone out of fashion, and men have taken a new and sometimes extravagant fondness for that very same Gothic style which they had so long despised. The middle ages have again been admitted to favor; we have seen them of late brought out in the different works on art and industry. We have even had in our days, the mock representation of a tournament in Protestant England. We confess that a pure taste has not always presided over these reproductions and imitations of the past; but this public infatuation has contributed not a little to lead the public mind to studies which were too long neglected, and Catholic archæology has at length come forth from the general movement. May this new science steadily advance in the career it has so nobly entered; may the efforts of our modern savants give us the true meaning of those ages of energetic faith; the magical word that will throw open to our eyes its hidden trea-

sures and the mysteries of that wondrous influence, by which the church rendered so noble and so lasting all that she encircled in her mystical sphere. Then will we understand the beautiful traditions written upon the walls of the sacred place; then will those cold marble statues pour into our listening ear the divine secrets which they have preserved for so many ages; and, bowing our heads before the chaste madonna, we will know how to look up, with a purified and tranquil heart, towards the patroness of human generations.—Our eyes turned towards the past which we shall have learned to love, we shall feel strengthened in the present, and shall look forward with confidence to the future.

THE TEAR AND THE DEW DROP.

Beside a dew drop fell a tear,
  Upon a tomb at morn,
Where oft a mourner knelt in prayer,
  And wept till early dawn:
And as the sun rose up in heaven,
  His rays glanced on the two;
But greater brilliancy was given
  Unto the drop of dew.

The liquid jewel, filled with pride,
  Gazed on the modest tear
Reposing calmly at its side,
  And said: "how dost thou dare,
Alone and lustreless, to stay
  So near a sparkling gem,
Lost by Aurora, queen of day,
  From off her diadem?"

Before the humble tear replied,
  An angel, hovering near,
Brushed off the dew drop in its pride,
  Enclasped the lonely tear
In its embrace, and upwards bore,
  To God's resplendent throne,
Affection's tribute,—shining more
  Than ever dew drop shone.

And here a lesson *we* may learn
  From this, the dew drop's fate,—
An humble brother ne'er to spurn,
  Nor be with pride elate:
For unto unpretending worth
  A recompence is given,—
If not th' illusive joys of earth,
  A bright reward in heaven.

S. R. T.

Louisville, Jan'y, 24, 1845.

ON SACRIFICES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNT JOSEPH DE MAISTRE, FOR THE U. STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

BY EUGENE LYNCH.

Continued from p. 115.

CHAPTER II.

Of Human Sacrifices.

THE doctrine of substitution being universally received, a belief that the efficacy of the sacrifice was proportioned to the importance of the victim followed, as a matter of course; and the belief in these two dogmas, correct in its origin, but corrupted by that power which, in its course, had corrupted all things, led every where to the horrible superstition of the human sacrifice. In vain did the voice of reason warn man that he had no right to take the life of his fellow: in vain did his own daily conduct, in offering up the blood of animals for the redemption of that of man, attest this truth: in vain did the suggestions of humanity and the natural promptings of his own heart lend additional force to the arguments of reason: before this soul-enchaining dogma reason and feeling were alike powerless. We would fain have it in our power to contradict history when she tells us that this abominable usage was practised in every part of the world; but, alas! to the shame of the human race, there is no fact so incontestably proved. Even the fictions of poetry bear witness to the universal prejudice:

"A peine son sang coule et fait rougir la terre,
Les dieux font sur l'autel entendre le tonnerre,
Les vents agitent l'air d'heureux frémissemens,
Et la mer lui répond par des mugissemens;
La rive au loin gémit blanchissante d'écume,
La flamme du bûcher d'elle-même s'allume;
Le ciel brille d'éclairs, s'entr'ouvre et parmi nous
Jette une sainte horreur qui nous rassure tous!"

What! the blood of a pure and innocent girl—of a daughter—necessary to the departure of a fleet and to the success of a war! Again I ask, whence came this strange opinion! What truth had man corrupted to arrive at this fearful error? It has been demonstrated, I believe, that this opinion was connected with the doctrine of substitution—a doctrine incontestably true—a doctrine *innate* in man's bosom, (for how could he have acquired it?) but which he had deplorably corrupted; because, strictly speaking, man does not adopt error. He may be ignorant of the truth or he may abuse it, that is to say, apply it by a false induction to a case with which it has no connection. Two sophisms, it would seem, led the minds of men astray upon this point. First, the superior importance of the subjects from which it was desired to remove the anathema. "What," said they, "is the value of the life of one individual to the safety of an army, a city, or even that of a sovereign?" And secondly, regarding the peculiar character of two species of victims, already condemned to death by the civil or political law, they asked, "what is the life of a criminal or an enemy?"

There is strong reason to believe that the first human victims were criminals condemned by the law: for the belief which Cesar (De Bello Gallico, Lib. VI., cap. 16) attributes to the Druids, was the belief of every nation, "that the punishment of criminals was an acceptable service to the Divinity." The ancients believed that every commission of a capital crime in the state BOUND (*liait*) the nation; and that the criminal was *sacred* or vowed to the gods, until, by the effusion of his blood, he had *unbound* (dé lié) both himself and the nation.* Hence we perceive why the word "*sacer*," sacred, in the Latin tongue, is used in both a good and a bad sense; why the corresponding word in Greek (ὅσιος) signifies both that which is *holy* and that which is *profane;* why, in the same manner, the word "anathema" signifies, at the same time, that

* These words "*lié*" and "*dé lié*" are so natural that they have been adopted and fixed for ever in the French theological language.

which is offered up as a gift to God, and that which is delivered over to his vengeance; and why, in fine, both in Greek and in Latin, the expression that a person or thing had been (*desecrated*) expiated, was used to convey the idea that they had been washed clean of a stain which they had contracted. This word *desecrate* (ἀφοσιοῦν, *expiare*) seems contrary to analogy. The uninstructed would require *re-sacrate*, or *re-sanctify*. But the error is only apparent, and the expression accurately exact. *Sacer*, sacred, in the ancient language, signified that which is delivered over to the Deity, no matter why, and thus becomes *bound* (*liê*), so that the punishment *desecrated*, *expiated*, or loosed (*dè liè*), is thus equivalent to the religious *absolution* (*absolutio*). When the twelve tables pronounced sentence of death, they used the expression, "sacer esto!" (let him be *sacred*), that is to say, *devoted*, or rather, in more correct phraseology, "*vowed*," for, strictly speaking, the criminal became *devoted* only by execution. And when the church prays for the *devoted female sex* (pro devoto femineo sexu), that is to say, for *religious*, who, in a just sense of the word, are really and truly *devoted*, it is ever with the same idea. On the one side is crime, on the other, innocence: but both the one and the other are *sacred*.* In the Eutyphron of Plato, a man about to accuse his own father of homicide before a tribunal of justice, excuses himself for this seeming breach of filial duty, on the ground "that we are equally sullied by permitting the perpetrator of a great crime to live in peace, as in committing the crime itself; and that he was determined to pursue his accusation that he might absolve both his own person and that of the guilty individual."† This passage is a just exposition of the ancient system upon this subject, which, in one point of view, does honor to the good sense of the ancients.

Unfortunately, once convinced that the "efficacy of the sacrifice was proportionate to the importance of the victim," from the criminal to the enemy there was but a step: unfortunately, too, whenever there was a demand for victims, every *stranger* became a criminal.—This horrible jurisprudence is but too well authenticated, and hence the Latin word "*hostis*" signifies at the same time both an *enemy* and a *stranger*.* The most polished writer of that language recognizes the words as synonymous;† and even Homer, in a passage of the Iliad, renders the idea of *enemy* by that of *stranger*, and his commentator has not failed to draw our attention to the fact.‡ This fatal induction seems to explain satisfactorily, at least humanly speaking, the universality of a practice so detestible; for I do not wish to be understood as denying, by any means, (and what intelligent mind can deny it?) the operation of that principle which in its course had corrupted all things. This operation would have no power over man, if it presented error to his view in an isolated state. The thing is not even possible; for error, of itself, has no existence. Abstracting from every antecedent notion, the man who would have proposed the immolation of his fellow man, in order to propitiate the gods, would, for his trouble, have been put to death, or confined as a madman. Every error, therefore, necessarily supposes a pre-existing truth. In surveying the pagan system, bright flashes of truth arrest the attention; but so perverted and distorted that they are scarcely traceable to their source; and I fully concur in the opinion expressed by the Theosophist of our own day, "that idolatry was a *putrefaction*." Upon a close examination, we will find, amid opinions the most ridiculous, indecent, and atrocious, amid practices the most monstrous and deba-

* A French journalist expends some small wit upon the words *pro devoto femineo sexu*, and tells us that "*the church has decreed to women the title of the* DEVOUT *sex*." (Journal of the Empire, February 26th, 1812.) We will not quarrel with these witty gentlemen, who are just commencing their rudiments,—they will doubtless soon learn them thoroughly. It were well, however, to have learned them before ridiculing the Roman church, which has the reputation of possessing a tolerable knowledge of the Latin language.

† Ἀφοσιοῖς σεαυτόν και ἐκεῖνον. Plato's Eutyphron, opp. tom. i, p. 8.

* *Eusth. ad Loc.* The Latin word *hostis* is the same as that of "*hôte*" (*hoste*) in French, and both are to be found, though less visibly, in the German word "*hast*." *Hostis* being thus both an *enemy* and a *stranger*, and under either point of view subject to the sacrifice, man, and thence, by analogy, the animal sacrificed, were called "*hostium*"—(*hostie*). It is well known how this word has been altered and ennobled in the languages of Christendom.

† "I soror, atque hostem supplex affare superbum." Virgil Æneid iv, 424. Upon this text Servius remarks: "Nonnulli juxta veteres *hostem* pro *hospite dictum accipiunt*."—*Forcellini in Hostis.*

‡ Ἀλλότριος φῶς. (*Iliad* v, 814.)

sing to the human race, not a single one which we can not—since we have been taught to ask that favor—"deliver from evil;" and tracing back the corrupted stream, discover at the fountain-head a truth which is divine. It was, then, by false deductions from incontrovertible truth,—the *degradation of man*, his *original stain*,—the *necessity of satisfaction*,—the *reversibility of merits*,—and *the substitution of expiatory sufferings*,—that men arrived at this terrible error of the human sacrifice.

"France! dans tes forêts elle habita long temps!" "The Gauls when attacked by disease, or exposed to the dangers of war,* immolated, or vowed to immolate human victims, and such sacrifices were performed under the direction of their Druids: because, unless the life of one man was atoned for by that of another, they believed it impossible to appease their deities: and when criminals were not to be found, they sacrificed the innocent. Some filled colossal statues of their gods with living men, covered them with branches, and set them on fire; and in this manner the victims perished enveloped in flames."† These sacrifices continued in Gaul, and other places, down to the establishment of the Christian religion in that country; for in no quarter of the world were they discontinued, until its adoption, and in none have they remained where that holy system was received.‡ More than this: as every truth is, and with reason, found in paganism, but, as I have just remarked, in a state of putrefaction, the theory, equally consoling and incontrovertible, of *suffrage* in the Catholic church shines faintly forth amid the gloom of antiquity, under the form of a sanguinary superstition; and as under that theory every real sacrifice, every meritorious action, every voluntary suffering and penance, can be offered up in truth and with effect, for the souls of the departed, so polytheism, with some faint and shadowy recollection of the truth, however corrupted and perverted that truth may have been, to appease the dead shed human blood upon their tombs. They slaughtered their prisoners upon the tombs of the departed. If they had no prisoners, gladiators became victims. This terrible folly became, at last, a trade, in so much that these gladiators received at length the name of *Bustiarii*, a word which we may represent by that of *tombsmen*, since they were destined to shed their blood around the funeral piles of the departed—and, finally, when neither of these classes of miserable beings could be found, females, in spite of the express prohibition of the twelve tables,* mangled their cheeks, that they might offer the semblance, at least, of a sacrifice, and satisfy the infernal gods, to use the words of Varro, by a show of blood."† Is it necessary to cite the Tyrians, Carthaginians, Phœnicians and Canaaneans, to prove the universality of this horrible custom? Did not Athens, in the palmiest and most polished period of her existence, annually offer up these sacrifices? Did not Rome, whenever danger threatened the eternal city, immolate the Gaul?‡ Who is ignorant of these facts? It would be still more unnecessary to allude to the custom which prevailed, more particularly in the east, of sacrificing not only enemies, but even domestics and officers upon the tombs of famous warriors and kings.

In America, at the close of the fifteenth century, we find this custom existing amongst the aborigines of the country, but under a much more brutal and disgusting form. It was necessary to supply the Mexican priests, annually, with twenty thousand human victims. To procure so large a number, it became necessary to declare war against some neighboring nation, but, when victims could not be obtained, fathers sacrificed their own

* But war was the natural state of this country. "Ante Cæsaris adventum fere quotannis (bellum) accidere solebat; uti aut ipsi injurias inferrent, aut illatas propulsarent. (*De Bello Gallico*, lib. vi, cap. 15.)

† *De Bello Gallico*, vi, cap. 16.

‡ "Præceptum ut pro capitibus, capitibus supplicarentur idque aliquamdiu observatum ut pro familiarium sospitate pueri mactarentur Maniæ Deæ matri Larum." (*Macrob. Sat.* i, 7.)

* Mulieres genas ne radunto. (*XII Tab.*)

† Ut rogis illa imago restitueretur, vel quem admodum Varro loquitur, ut *sanguine ostenso inferis satisfiat.* (Joh. Ros. Rom. Antiquit. cap. absolutis, cum notis. Th. Demsteri a Murreick. Amstel., Blaen, 1685, in 4to. v. xxxix, p. 442.)

‡ For the Gaul was an enemy ("*hostis*") to Rome, and consequently a natural victim (*hostia*). "With other nations," says Cicero, "we contend for glory; but with the Gaul we combat for our existence. As soon as he threatens our city, by the laws and customs we have received from our forefathers, none are exempt from military service." And in fact even the slaves were enrolled.

offspring. The person who presided over the sacrifice tore open the breast of his victim, and snatched the heart from the yet quivering bosom. The high priest then pressed the blood from the heart, and made it flow on the mouth of the idol. At the close of this terrible and disgusting ceremony, the attending priests feasted together on the flesh of the victim!

Solis has given us an instance of the deep-rooted conviction of the Mexicans, in the report of a speech of Magiscatzin to Cortez, during the stay which that famous Spaniard made at Tlascala. "They could not," he said, "form any idea of a true sacrifice, in which one man did not die for the safety of others."* In Peru, also, fathers sacrificed their own children.† In fine, this madness, together with that other of cannibalism, has prevailed in every quarter of the globe, and disgraced alike both continents.‡ And even at the present day, in spite of the influence of our arms and superior civilization, have we been able to destroy in India this abominable custom? What says the ancient law of that country—the holy writ of Hindostan—upon this subject? "The blood of one man rejoices the Deity for one thousand years, and that of three men for three thousand years."§ I am well aware that at a period more or less posterior to the law, humanity, at times stronger than prejudice, permitted in place of the human sacrifice, the substitution of the figure of a man formed of butter or of paste: but the real sacrifice of human victims existed for ages, and the voluntary self-immolation of the wife on the death of her husband still exists in Hindostan. This strange sacrifice was called the *Pitrimedha Yaga*,* and the prayer which the wife repeats before ascending the funeral pyre is termed the *Sancalpa*. Before committing herself to the flames, she invokes the gods, the elements, her soul,† and her *conscience*, exclaiming, "And thou, my conscience! bear witness that I go to follow my husband!" and, whilst enveloped with fire, she embraces the body and cries out, "Satya, Satya, Satya!" an Indian word signifying truth. The duty of setting fire to the funeral pile devolves upon the son, or next nearest relative.‡ And yet this horrible rite prevails in a country where it is considered a crime of the blackest die to kill a cow,—and where the superstitious Brahmin would shudder in horror at the bare idea of destroying the vermin which devour him!

In an inquiry instituted by the government of Bengal, in 1803, to ascertain the number of deluded wretches who, by this barbarous prejudice, sacrificed their lives at the funeral piles of their husbands, it was discovered that it could not fall short of thirty thousand per annum.§ In the month of April, 1802, the

* Ni sabianque pudiese haen sacrificio sin que muriese alguno por la salud de los demas.
Ant. Solis Conq. de la Nueva Esp. lib. iii, *cap.* 3.

† A very exact detail of these atrocities will be found in the American Letters of Count Carli Rubi, and in the notes of a fanatical translator, who has, unhappily, soiled these interesting researches, by all the excesses of modern impiety. (See Lettres Americaines, traduc, de l'Italien de M. le Comte Gian Rinaldo Carli, Paris, 1788; 2 vols. in 8vo. Lettre viii, p. 116; and also the xxvii, p. 407 et seq.) Upon a closer examination of these very profound annotations, I am tempted to believe that the original translation was done by a pure hand, but was afterwards spoiled by one of a very different character. It is a modern and well known trick i'th' trade.

‡ The French editor of Carli, asks "why?" and sagely replies to his own question, "because the man of the people is ever the dupe of opinion!" (Vol. i, letter 8, p. 116.) Beautiful and profound solution!

§ See the *Rudhirad hyaya*, or the *bloody chapter*, translated from the Calica-Puran, by M. Blaquière. (*Asiat. Researches, Sir Will. Jones' works*, in 4to. vol. ii, p. 1058.)

* This custom which requires the wife to kill herself, or to immolate herself upon the funeral pile of the husband, is not peculiar to India. We find it among the nations of the north (Herodotus, book v, c. 1; Brottier on Tacitus, *de mor. Germ.* c. xix, note 6), and in America. (Carli, in the letters already cited, vol. i, lett. 10.)

† "Her conscience!"—who shall say how far this appeal may be acceptable before the tribunal of that infallible Judge, who "is sweet to all, who poureth his tender mercies upon all his works," as the dew upon every plant of the earth.—*Psalm*, cxliv, v. 9.

‡ Asiatic Researches, vol. vii, p. 222.

§ Extracts from the English papers translated in the Gazette de France, under date of the 19th June, 1804; No. 2369. Annales littéraires et morales. Paris, in 8vo. 1804; tom. ii, p. 145.—Mr. Colebrook, indeed, of the Society of Calcutta, assures us in the Asiat. Researches, (Sir Will. Jones' works supplem. vol. ii, p. 722,) "that the number of victims to this superstition has never been considerable, and instances of it have become rare." But this word *rare* is, by no means, *precise*. Besides a prejudice whose existence is undeniable, and which was spread over a population of more than sixty millions, must necessarily produce, it would seem, a great number of those horrible sacrifices.

two wives of Ameer Jung, regent of Tanjore, devoted themselves to the flames along with the body of their husband. The details of this sacrifice are horrible. All the inducements which maternal or filial tenderness could suggest,—all the influence which the English government, unable openly to interfere, could bring to bear,—were employed, without effect, to prevent this horrid ceremony: the wives were inflexible.* In some provinces of this vast peninsula, and amongst the lower orders of the people, vows of self-destruction, in the event of their obtaining certain favors of the idols of the country, are by no means rare. Those who have made such vows, and who have obtained the object of their prayers, precipitate themselves from a place called *Calabhairava,* situated in the mountains, between the rivers *Tapti* and *Nermada.* The annual fair, held at this place, seldom passes off without witnessing the self-immolation of eight or ten of these deluded wretches.† Whenever an Indian woman is brought to bed of twins, she is required to sacrifice one of them to the goddess Gonza by throwing it into the Ganges. Nay, more, from time to time, even wives themselves are sacrificed to this goddess.‡ In this boasted land of India "the law permits the son to drown his father when rendered incapable, by age or disease, of procuring a subsistence, the young widow is compelled to immolate herself upon the funeral pile of her husband,—human sacrifices are offered up to appease the genius of destruction,—and the wife, who, for a long period has remained barren, makes an offering of her first born child to her deity, by exposing it to wild beasts or birds of prey, or by leaving it to perish in the waters of the Ganges. The greater number of these cruelties were committed in the presence of the Europeans, at the last Hindoo festival, held at the Island of Sangor, in the month of December, 1801.§

At the recital of these horrors, we are tempted to inquire how the British, absolute masters of this empire, can view these shocking practices, without using their authority to repress them? Doubtless that government grieves over this insane self-delusion, but why, we ask, does it not destroy it? Measures of the harshest severity, orders and punishments of the most terrible character have not been wanting: but they seem ever to have been employed rather for the extension or defence of its own power, than for the suppression of these horrible superstitions? It would almost seem that the icy influence of modern philosophy had frozen in the heart of man that stream of charity whose gentle, but unceasing force, in the end, bears down all obstacles that oppose its progress;—or, rather, that the despotism of a free government—the most tyrannical of all despotisms (!)—holds its slaves in too great contempt to undertake the labor of bettering their condition. Another supposition, it would seem to me, more honorable, and at the same time more probable, might be adopted to explain the conduct of the British government on this point. It is simply this, that it is utterly impossible thoroughly to eradicate this obstinate prejudice of the Hindoo people, and that any attempt, by the force of authority, to abolish these shocking practices, may compromise its success, without insuring any good result to the cause of humanity.* But, beyond and above all this, I perceive a problem which presents itself for solution. May not these frightful sacrifices, which so justly shock the reason and feelings of civilized man, may they not have had a beneficial effect, or, at least, may they not have been necessary in India? This institution, terrible and disgusting as it is, constituted the securest safeguard of the husband's life, by placing it under the incorruptible protection of his wives, whose interests were identified with the husband's welfare. In that land of revenge and revolution,—of dark and revolting crimes, what would be the result, if

* See the Asiatic Annual Register, 1802, in 8vo. We perceive by this paper, according to the observation of the Maratta chiefs, that this species of sacrifice was by no means uncommon in Tanjore.

† Asiatic Researches, vol. vii, p. 627.

‡ Gazette de France, at the place cited above.

§ See Essays by the students of Fort William. Bengal and Calcutta, 1802.

* It would nevertheless be unjust not to mention that, in those parts of India which are under the dominion of a Catholic sceptre, this funeral pile of the widow has entirely disappeared. Such is the hidden and wonderful force of the true law of grace. And yet England, who permits innocent females to destroy themselves by thousands under their exceedingly mild and humane government, cries out with loud indignation against the inquisition of Portugal, that is to say, a few drops of guilty blood shed from time to time, at long intervals, *by the law.* "Take the beam first," &c.

the wife had nothing of consequence to lose by the death of her husband, and if that event merely invested her with the right of obtaining another? Can we believe that the legislators who framed this institution, and who were men of exalted intellect, had no peculiar and powerful motives, arising from the nature and character of the Indian people, for the establishment of these terrible rites? Farther, can we believe that an institution so revolting to the reason, so shocking to the feelings of man could have been established by merely human means? Every system of ancient legislation, despised, degraded, and, to a greater or less degree, maltreated the female sex. "Woman," says the law of Menon, "in infancy is protected by the father, by the husband in youth, and by the son in old age. Her unconquerable impetuosity, the inconstancy of her character, the absence of all permanent affection, and the natural perversity which distinguishes that sex, will never fail, in spite of every imaginable precaution, to detach them in a short time from their husbands."* Plato wished that the laws would never, for a single moment, lose sight of the female sex, "for," said he, "if legislation be remiss on this point, women no longer constitute the half of the human family, but more than the half; and just so much do they exceed us in numbers, as they are inferior to us in virtue."† No one can be unacquainted with the almost incredible slavery and endless tutelage to which women were subject in Athens. Upon the death of a father, who left only a married daughter, the next of kin of the same name was entitled to take her from her husband and make her his wife: and a husband could bequeath his wife, as a part of his property, to any individual whom he might think proper to make his heir, &c.?‡ Who does not recollect the severity of the Roman laws towards females? We might well imagine, in reviewing the policy of these ancient legislators with regard to the *second sex*, that they had taken their lessons in the school of Hippocrates, who considered woman essentially and radically bad. "Woman," says he, "is perverse by nature: her inclination ought to be continually repressed: otherwise it will break forth, like the branches of a tree, in every direction. If the husband be absent, the parents are unable to control or restrain her, she must be entrusted to some friend, whose zeal is not blinded by affection."* Every legislation, in fine, of antiquity, adopted precautionary measures, more or less severe, against the female sex: and even at the present day woman is a slave under the Koran, and little better than a brute amongst the savages. The gospel alone has, by rendering her better, elevated her to an equality with man; the gospel, alone, has proclaimed the rights of woman, after having originated them —and it originated those rights by establishing itself in her heart, as the most active and powerful principle, whether for good or evil. Destroy, weaken but to a certain point, in a Christian country, the influence of the divine law which protects the liberty it had accorded to woman, and you will immediately behold that noble and touching liberty, which she now enjoys through the gospel, degenerate into shameless licentiousness. She will become the most terrible instrument to extend a universal corruption, which will eventually reach the vitals of the state. The state will thus become a putrid carcass, and its gangrenous decrepitude excite feelings of shame and horror. A Turk or Persian, attending an European ball, imagines he is dreaming; he knows not what to make of those women.

"Compagnes dûn époux, et reines en tous lieux,
Libres sans déshonneur, fidèles sans contrainte,
Et ne devant jamais leurs vertus à la crainte."

His surprise is natural; he is ignorant of that law which renders this tumult and association possible. Did the subject admit of a comparison, we would say that women are more indebted to the Christian dispensation than men. The natural opposition between that system and slavery (which it always by degrees, but infallibly, destroys, whenever it

* Laws of Menon, the son of Brahma; translated by Sir Wm. Jones. Vide his works, vol. iii, chap. ix, No. 3, pp. 235—7.

† Plato, de Leg. vi; opp. vol viii, p. 310.
Ὅσῳ δὲ ἡ θήλεια ἡμῖν φύσις ἐστὶ πρὸς ἀρετὴν χείρων τῆς ἀρρένων, τοσούτῳ διαφέρει πρὸς τὸ πλέον ἢ διαπλάσιον εἶναι.

‡ The mother of Demosthenes had been thus disposed of; and the formula of the legacy is handed down to us in the oration against Stephanus. (See the commentaries on the pleadings of Isæus by Sir Wm. Jones, in his works, in 4to. vol. iii, pp. 210, 211.)

* Hippoc. opp. cit. edit. Van der Linden in 8vo. vol. ii, pp. 910, 911.

is allowed freely to exert its influence) is no where more apparent than in the case of women. Knowing but too well how easy it is to persuade to vice, it refuses to all the right to make vice obligatory.*

Such being the case, every legislator should bear in mind this maxim. "If the Christian system is to be set aside, women must first be shut up," or laws, the most apalling, enacted in their regard, such as are enforced in India. We often hear the mildness of the Hindoo character spoken of with praise. But let us not deceive ourselves: out of that law which has proclaimed blessings to the meek, "*beati mites*," there are none to whom that epithet can be justly applied. The Hindoos may be timid, feeble, cowardly; *meek* they can not be. The coward may be cruel; nay, he often is so: the mild man never is. Of this the Hindoo nation furnishes a striking example. Besides the superstitious cruelties I have just cited, what land upon the globe has more scenes of cruelty? And we who shudder and turn pale at the bare mention of human sacrifices and cannibalism, how can we be so blind and ungrateful as to forget that we owe these sentiments of humanity to that *law of love* which watched over our cradle? But yesterday an illustrious nation, arrived at the highest term of civilization and refinement, in a delirium of frenzy, of the like of which history has no record, dared formally to suspend this law. What was the result? Suddenly, in this boasted land of intelligence and refinement, we beheld the manners of the Iroquois and the Algonquins: the holiest principles of humanity were trodden under foot: all France was covered with one universal scaffold reeking with her fairest and best blood; men made play-things of human heads, and the mouth of woman was distained with human blood! Such is man in his natural state! not that he has not within him even in this terrible degradation the germs—the indestructible germs of truth and virtue; for they are his hereditary, inalienable rights,—but that without this divine fecundation, these germs would be smothered in the bud, or bring forth only sickly and abortive fruits!—It is now time to draw from these undeniable historical facts a conclusion no less incontrovertible. The experience of ages has taught us "that where ever the true God was not known and served, in virtue of an express revelation, man always sacrificed and often devoured his fellow man."

Lucretius, after detailing the sacrifice of Iphigenia (as an authentic fact; this was necessary for his purpose), triumphantly exclaims:

"So great the ills that from religion sprang!"

Alas! he, like all his followers infinitely less excusable than himself, saw only the abuses of religion. He saw not, or was unwilling to see, that even the human sacrifice, horrible as it might be, was as nothing, compared with the enormities which follow in the train of absolute impiety. He saw not, or rather would not see, that there is not, that there can not be a religion entirely false, that the religion of all nations governed by a code of laws, and glaringly defective as it was, even in his own day, was the support of the political edifice, and that the dogmas of Epicurus were, at that moment, in sapping the foundations of religion, undermining also the constitution of Rome, and paving the way to a blood-thirsty and interminable despotism.

For us, the happy possessors of the truth, let us not commit the crime of being ignorant or unmindful of its blessings. God thought proper in his wisdom to *overlook forty centuries*,* but since the dawn of the day-star from on high, this crime admits no longer of an excuse. In reflecting upon the evils produced by false religions, let us bless, let us embrace with transport, that true one which has ex-

* We may remark here that, if Christianity protects woman, woman has, in her turn, the privilege of protecting that law to an extent which is worthy of attention. We are almost tempted to believe that this influence arises from some secret affinity, some natural law. We see the redemption of mankind proceeding from a woman announced from the beginning of the world; in all the evangelical history women play a distinguished part, and in all the conquests of Christianity, whether over individuals or nations, a woman always figures in the scene. This is as it ought to be, since—but I fear my note is growing too long.

* Acts xvii, 30. "Et tempora quidem hujus ignorantiæ despiciens Deus," &c. ὑπεριδὼν—Arnaud, in the New Testament of Mons, translates the above, "God being in anger against these times of ignorance," &c.; and at the bottom of the page he says: *otherwise*—"God having let pass and as it were dissimulated, and, according to the literal signification, despised these times," &c. Indeed, it is quite *otherwise*.

plained and vindicated the religious instinct of man,—which has rescued this universal sentiment from the crimes and the errors that dishonored it, and which "*has renewed the face of the earth!*"

So great the evils which religion cures!

The preceding remarks embody, I think, nearly all that can be advanced with certainty on the secret principle of sacrifices, and particularly human sacrifices which have disgraced the whole human family. I think, however, it will not be amiss, in closing this chapter, to show in what manner the philosophy of modern times has considered this subject. The popular idea which first presents itself to the mind, and which is evidently anterior to reflection, is that of a homage, or a species of *present* made to the divinity. "The gods are our benefactors *(datores bonorum)*; it is but natural that we should make an offering to them of the first fruits of those goods which we receive from them." Hence the ancient libations, and the offering of the first fruits, with which they were accustomed to begin their repasts.* Heyne, in annotating upon this verse of Homer, "He threw the first fruits of the repast into the fire" (Ὁ δ' ἐν πυρὶ βάλλε θυηλάς; Iliad IX, 220; Odyssey XIV, 436, 446), finds in this custom the origin of sacrifices. "The ancients," says he, "offered to the gods a portion of their food, of which the flesh of animals, of course, formed a part;—and the sacrifice," adds he, "viewed in this light, presents nothing *revolting* to the mind."†

* That part of the food which was separated from the rest, and burned in honor of the gods, was called by the Greeks *aparché* (ἀπαρχή), and the act itself of offering these first fruits was expressed by the verb (ἀπάρχεσθαι) *to commence* (par excellence.)

† Apparet (religiosum hunc ritum) peperisse sacrificiorum morem; quippe, quæ ex epulis domesticis ortum duxerunt quem cibi vescendi pars resecta pro primitiis offeretur Diis in quod *hic* mos religiosus displiceat. (Heyne ad locum.) I am not at all surprised at this explanation of Heyne; for the Protestant school dislikes all idea that exceeds the limits of the material circle: they fear them all alike, and condemn them *en masse* as vain and superstitious. This doctrine may at times be useful to us, never indeed as an aliment, but as a remedy. Nevertheless, even in this case, I consider it undoubtedly false, and I am surprised that Bergier has adopted it. (Traité hist. et dogmat. de la vraie religion, in 8vo. tom. ii, 296, 297, after Porphyry, de abstin. lib. ii.) This learned apologist *saw* clearly; but, it seems that in this case he did not *look*.

These last words, permit me, en passant, to observe, prove that this able critic had a confused notion that, in the general idea of sacrifice, there was something more than the simple offering, and that this *something more* was what he found *revolting*. In fact, it was not simply the *present*—the *offering*—the *first fruits*;—in a word, it was not the simple act of homage and gratitude rendered, if I may so speak, to the sovereignty of God; for, in this case, the ancients would have procured flesh from the shambles, for the purpose of sacrificing upon their altars; and they would have confined themselves to the public repetition, with all suitable pomp, of this same ceremony, which formed the commencement of their domestic repasts. No, there is question of *blood*, of *immolation*, properly so called; and the difficulty is to explain how mankind, in every age and clime, had agreed to believe that there was not (let it be carefully observed) in the offering of flesh, but in the *effusion of blood*, an expiatory virtue useful to man. This is the true problem, and one not to be solved at the first glance.* Not only the sacrifices were not a simple extension of the *aparché* (ἀπαρχή), or of the offering of the first fruits burnt at the commencement of the repasts, but these *aparché* themselves were very evidently nothing more than an humbler species of sacrifice; as we, in a similar manner, might transfer to our own hearth certain religious rites which are performed with public pomp in our churches. That this is a correct view of the matter, will be clear to every reflecting mind. Hume, in his infamous work, "The Natural History of Religion," adopts this idea of Heyne, and infuses into it his own peculiar venom: "A sacrifice," says he, "is conceived as a present, and any present is delivered to their deity by destroying it and rendering it useless to men; by burning what

* The Persians, according to Strabo, divided the flesh of the victims among themselves, and *reserved none for the gods*. (Τοῖς Θεοῖς οὐδὲν ἀπονείμαντες μέρος.) For, said they, *God needs only the soul of the victim*, (that is to say, *of the blood*.)—("Τῆς γὰρ ΨΥΧΗΣ, φασὶ, τοῦ ἱερίου δεῖσθαι τὸν Θεόν ἄλλου δὲ οὐδενὸς.") Strabo, lib. xv, p. 695, cited in Cudworth's dissertation, De suâ notione cœnæ Domini, cap. i, No. vii, at the end of his celebrated book, "Systema intellectuale Universum." This curious text is a direct refutation of the ideas of Heyne, and is in perfect accordance with the Hebrew theories, according to which *the effusion of the blood* forms the essence of the sacrifice. (Ibid. cap. ii, No. 4.)

is solid, pouring out the liquid, and killing the animate. For want of a better way of doing him (*God*) a service, we do ourselves an injury; and fancy that we thereby express at least the heartiness of our love and adoration. Thus our mercenary devotion, after having deceived itself, hopes to deceive the Deity."* But this spiteful tirade explains nothing, on the contrary it rather involves the problem in greater obscurity. Voltaire has not failed to exercise his ingenuity upon this subject: adopting the general idea of sacrifice as something admitted, he directs his attention particularly to the human sacrifice. "Nothing was to be seen," he says, "in the ancient temples but skewers, spits, gridirons, kitchen knives, long iron forks, spoons or pot ladles,† large jars to hold the fat, and, in a word, every thing to inspire contempt and horror. Nothing contributed more to perpetuate that cruel and savage disposition which, *in the end*, led man to shed the blood of his fellow man, and even that of his own offspring. But the sacrifices of the inquisition, which we have discussed at such length, have been a hundred-fold more abominable: we have substituted executioners for butchers."‡ Voltaire doubtless had never entered an ancient temple: he never could have known one even through the medium of an engraving, if he believed that a temple, properly so called, presented the appearance either of a kitchen or a slaughter-house. Besides, he should have remembered that these "*gridirons, spits, long forks*, these *spoons* and *ladles*," and all the rest of this cooking apparatus, which seems to have struck our author with so much horror, have been, and are, even now a days, as much in use as formerly, and yet no mother—not even the wife of a professed cook or butcher—feels the least inclination to place her children upon the gridiron, or throw them into her boiling pot. It is self-evident that the harshness and cruelty of character, resulting from the continued practice of shedding the blood of animals, and which could only tend, at most, to the commission of some particular crime, could never have led man to the systematic immolation of his fellow man.

We are astonished at the words, *in the end*, employed by Voltaire; as if the human sacrifice could, at any time, have been the result of animal sacrifices, previously used for many centuries.

Nothing can be more false than this idea. *At all times*, and *in all places*, where the true God was not known and adored, man has shed the blood of his brother in sacrifice. The most ancient monuments of history attest it, and the fictions of fable, whose testimony is not to be always rejected, sustain and confirm it. To explain this great phenomenon something more is required than the *knives* and *forks* of our author. The precious morsel upon the *inquisition*, which closes the passage, seems to have been written in a paroxysm of frenzy. What! the legal execution of a few individuals, ordered by a legitimate (civil) tribunal, in pursuance of a law previously and solemnly promulgated, and whose penalties every individual was perfectly free to avoid, is this a hundred-fold more horrible than the shocking spectacle of a father and mother casting their own offspring into the fiery arms of Moloch? What atrocious raving! What reckless abandonment of all reason and justice! what frontless impudence! His anti-religious rage carries him so far that he at length knows not exactly what he says: "we have substituted executioners for butchers."

Imagining that he had been speaking of the sacrifices of animals, he loses sight of what he had just written of *human sacrifices*: otherwise, what could he have meant by contrasting the butcher with the executioner? Were the priests of antiquity, who shed the blood of their fellow men *with the sacred steel*, less entitled to the epithet of *executioners*, than the judges of modern times, who consign them to death by virtue of a law? But to return to the

* Hume's Essays and Treatises on several subjects—The Natural History of Religion, sect. ix, London, 1758, in 4to. p. 511.) We may observe in this passage, taken as a general formula, one of the most striking characteristics of impiety—contempt for the human race. The daughter and the mother of pride,—drunk with pride and breathing nothing but pride, impiety never ceases to outrage, to discourage and degrade mankind, to view every thing man has ever thought or done, in the most humiliating light, and in a manner best calculated to produce self-abasement and despair; and it is thus unconsciously it puts its own dark and forbidding features in the strongest contrast with the heavenly form of the true religion, which unceasingly prescribes humility as the only step by which man can elevate himself to God.

† Profound observation! as profound as it is pertinent to the subject!

‡ See note xiii, on the insipid tragedy of Minos.

main subject: nothing can be more futile, as we have seen, than the reason alleged by Voltaire to explain the origin of the human sacrifice. *Common sense* is sufficient to show that there is not, in his solution of this problem, a shadow of sagacity, or knowledge of antiquity or humanity.

Listen, in fine, to Condillac, and see the method he has taken to explain the origin of human sacrifices to his pretended scholar, who, fortunately for the happiness of a people, never finished his education. "Man was not content," says he, "to offer his vows and prayers to the gods: he considered it his duty to offer those things which he imagined would be more acceptable to them .... fruits, animals, and *men!*" * I will not say that this passage is worthy of a child; for, thanks be to God! there is not a child in existence bad enough to write it. What execrable levity does it exhibit! what perfect contempt for our unhappy species! what slanderous rancor against its most natural and holy instinct! I have not language to express how revolting to my conscience and feelings are these sentiments of Condillac. It is one of the most odious passages of that odious writer.

* Œuvres de Condillac, Paris, 1798, in 8vo. vol. 1, Hist. Am. ch. xii, pp. 98, 99.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE STARS.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

FATHER! who hast set those stars,
Living benisons above,
Shining—shining ever, ever
With far less of light than love,
O! they seem to me as telling
Through the dark there still is light
In our home of future dwelling:
Father, tell me, am I right?

In the silence of the night,
Night so beautiful and lone—
Every star in heaven's blue height
Seems a beacon to thy throne;
And in spirit *thus* believing
Is a most consoling might:—
Faith *so* pure is undeceiving:
Father, tell me, am I right?

They are ever to my eyes
As a life-awaking book,
Full of beautiful surmise,
Mystic more, the more I look.
Then I deem them, soul-subdued,
An Apocalypse of light
Where no Human dare intrude;
Father, tell me, am I right?

Toil at midnight! oh, 'tis weary!
But how wearier were my lot
Even at midnight, lone and dreary,
If these wondrous works were not,
'Tis my thoughtful transport, walking
Homeward in the noon of night,
To be with them of Thee talking:
Father, tell me, am I right?

Thinking of thy mercies, shining
Countless as those stars above,
Do *I* stand and pause divining
All those mysteries of Love?
No! but filled with faith upholding—
Faith so singly, boldly bright—
I behold thee—*thus* beholding:
Father, tell me, am I right?

In this darkness of surmise,
Pausing, thinking, loving, lost,
Star-concentred 'mid the skies,
Like a seaman tempest-tost,
I can *know* not what they are,
But, so mercifully bright,
See thee in each guiding star:
Father! tell me, am I right?

Linked with that upward thought—
Soul's affinity with them,
Is the brilliant star that brought
Worshippers to Bethlehem:
I can not, amid the whole,
Point the one—commissioned light,
But through it I wing my soul:
Father, tell me, am I right?

If I err, good Father hear me!
If I err, oh! deign to hear!
I have thought thee ever near me;
Else could I my sorrow bear?
Every thing—the gay and solemn—
Dreams of day or thoughts of night,—
Star or streamlet, mound or column—
Tells me—Father, am I right?

THE STUDENT OF BLENHEIM FOREST,

OR THE TRIALS OF A CONVERT.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Continued from p. 104.

CHAPTER VIII.

Facts, Fancies, and Fears.

CLAVERING had just turned over the last page of "Milner's End of Controversy," which he had been reading the second time, and was sitting in his favorite retreat, half buried in pleasing thought, when he heard the sound of heavy footsteps, and, raising his eyes, saw Colonel Clavering, who had arrived that morning from Fredericksburg, standing before him.

"Well, sir," exclaimed his father, "are we never to see more of you than now? I am half tempted to curse books. What good can come of your thus reading your health away and your eyes out, making yourself look really more decrepid than I do?"

Louis laid down the book, which he had been holding half closed in his hand, and replied, smiling:

"Dear father, you yourself taught me to love books; but forgive me, sir, if I have seemed undutiful or inattentive."

"Attentive! 'fore George, I hardly see you often enough to know you. I can scarcely identify you as my once noble looking son—only see! you stoop in the shoulders, are pale and haggard, and look ten years older than when I last saw you! What are your studies, pray?"

"Various, sir," answered Clavering, evading for the moment the storm which he saw gathering in the distance.

"Well! well! I shall call you to an account soon; meanwhile, boy, rub up your manners, shake off your rust, and prepare to assist me in doing the honors of our house, for I expect a party of friends to-morrow from Fredericksburg, who will make the silent old castle ring with gaiety, and among them I assure you you will find several accomplished and amiable persons, but even these with all their fascinating qualities do not surpass my young relative, Isadora Seymore. Some talented men too, by the by, will be of the party, and it is my earnest wish, sir, that you will rouse the slumbering energies of your nature, and show yourself their equal in intellect and manners."

"Ah! my God," thought Clavering, with a pang at his heart, "give me thy grace in coming trials, and all will be well."

He turned away his head that his father might not see the changing emotions that marked his countenance, and the colonel exclaimed, in a bantering tone:

"Come, no blushing: you students are really too bashful for the age in which you live; however, you exist so much among the spirits of the past that it is quite natural perhaps for you to learn a few old fashioned lessons of modesty; but see, our horses which I ordered round are ready, are you disposed to ride?"

"Certainly, sir."

Clavering soon drew his father into a detailed account of the business which had carried him from home, and adroitly turned the conversation during the ride from any subject which in the remotest manner might have led to a *denoument* concerning the wished for union between himself and cousin.

The next day the visiters landed from the steamboat at eleven o'clock, and nothing was now to be thought of but gaiety and mirth. None possessed the ancient spirit of the old dominion in a more eminent degree than did Colonel Clavering, who retained all its warm-hearted hospitality, and deemed no sacrifice too great for the entertainment of those who were his guests. He was of a race who are gradually becoming extinct, and who, when the age of improvement progresses a little further, and a few more cold customs from the north are imported, will be remembered, as is the "old English gentleman," only in song or story!

The noisy peal of the gong in the morning, announcing breakfast, was the signal for the commencement of a day of gaiety. The house, which before its deep-toned cry was perfectly silent, save when a smothered laugh was heard, and the subdued tones of chattering tongues from some of the chambers, now literally thronged with life and all its most delighful and hilarious sounds, as the gay and young emerged from every quarter of the mansion to assemble round the magnificently furnished board.

Rides, walks, excursions on the river, fishing parties and hunting varied their amusements by day, and during the evening, while the elder portion of the guests amused themselves with chess or the discussion of various interesting topics, the gay and youthful enjoyed with great zest the mirthful dance, the sparkling wit and repartee of pleasant conversation, or strains of enrapturing and well executed music. To some minds these sounds and mirthful recreations were delightful sources of amusement, but to Clavering they were like discordant strings of music, and grated in harsh numbers on his ear. His mind was so intently fixed on one subject that all others in comparison seemed to shrink into absolute nothingness: he, however, rallied manfully, and performed the part allotted to him by his father in an agreeable and dignified manner. The precepts of that faith which he would soon adopt in a practical manner, and for whose sake he felt assured he would be called on to make great sacrifices ere long, taught him also that a patient endurance of trials was one of the first and best lessons in the holy science of religion, and this science he wished to learn perfectly with all its attendant humiliations. Among the guests were the Hon. Judge Fleetwood and lady, the Misses Caldwells, who were both ladies of large fortunes, and ranked among the most distinguished of the daughters of Virginia, and a Miss Shelton, whose sole design appeared to be to ornament the parterre of life, and, like a brilliant butterfly, flit without a care among its flowers, and a Mr. Ambrose Beverly, a gentleman who was looked upon as a most eligible match by the matrons, and as quite a desirable one by their daughters, while his large fortune and splendid reputation as a man of talent and genius would have been no objection to the "most grave and reverend seignors," their fathers.

And yet there were ladies who, having neither daughters nor husbands, and being rather in the shady declivity of life, could not possibly dream of matrimonial affairs, nevertheless set about finding out his religious sentiments that they might perchance convert him, if he was not converted, and guide him into the right path if he had wandered astray; but, alas! for curiosity and their excellent intentions—all their schemes on this subject failed, and they were at last compelled to declare, whenever opportunity offered, that he was either a latitudinarian in principle or a papist.

There were many other distinguished guests among the gay company at the "Forest," but their names have been forgotten among other and more important recollections. A short time before their departure all of the neighboring gentry had been invited to spend the day at "Blenheim Forest," and close the evening by a splendid *fete champetre*. Every thing seemed propitious on the occasion—the air was balmy, and the night, although there was no moon, radiantly clear; and a more magnificent scene never lit up the banks of the old Rappahannock. The mansion looked like an enchanted palace as the brilliant lights streamed from every window, and its grounds like a glimpse of fairy land. Colored lamps and white lustres hung in long and glittering vistas among the foliage of the lawn, and constellations of myriad prismatic lights beamed like jewelled stars through the shades of the forest, where tents, so covered with evergreens and boughs that they looked like natural sylvan retreats, were erected, and now brilliantly illuminated; and in these were displayed tables covered with the most costly and inviting refreshments, among which clusters of glowing exotics had been placed, giving to their whole appearance a splendid and elegant effect. A party of musicians on the shore, with the hautboy, the cornopean, the French horn and other wind instruments, filled the air with their soft melodies, which rose and fell with the passing wind, and at times died away like the strains of Æolian harps. A full band of music, stationed at an agreeable distance in the forest, played at intervals the most delightful and inspiring airs, which came with mellowed harmony on the ear, causing each young heart to bound with instinctive and accurate time, while to the music of the sweet old fashioned violins their twinkling feet fell noiselessly

but merrily on the smooth shaven lawn. Some, forgetting the philosophy of life and its duller realities, yielded themselves without a thought beyond to the enchantment of the scene; and had a visiter from another sphere descended among the smiling throng, he might have exclaimed, judging from outward appearances, "here at least mortals enjoy unclouded happiness." A few, tired of the inspiring exercise, wandered in cheerful parties through the refreshing quiet of the forest aisles. Among these, Colonel Clavering and Miss Caldwell, Mr. Beverly and Isadora, with Clavering and Miss Kate Shelton, found their way to a romantic and secluded spot, which was somewhat elevated, and stood several minutes in silence, listening to the mellowed sounds of the distant music which floated in soft cadences, like ethereal harmonies, around them, and admiring, through an opening in the foliage, the beautiful effect of the different colored lights on the river, which seemed literally strewn with gems, as the crimson, violet, and orange hues twinkled among the placid waves. At last Miss Shelton, to whom silence was an intolerable bore, exclaimed:

"'Pon honor, Mr. Clavering, Jr., you are the most solemn, stately young gentleman I ever saw—I really believe you are studying for the ministry."

"Why so, Miss Shelton?" asked Clavering, who had hitherto resisted successfully all her attempts either by persiflage or raillery to draw him into a flirtation.

"Oh! I don't know exactly, only you look so awfully serious sometimes and so profoundly grave, that I almost expect to hear you give a whim-a-whoo, like that owl that frightened away my wits last night. Bless me! Isadora did *you* hear it?"

"Yes," answered Isadora; "but it is far from being an alarming sound to me."

"Oh, I suppose not," cried the thoughtless lady; "you are quite as bad as Mr. Clavering; you are so romantic."

"Who, I?" exclaimed Isadora: "far from it."

"Well, my dear, if it is not romance to be looking at the moon and kissing old withered roses, I don't know what is. I saw you and—but bless me, where is she—oh! there she goes towards the lawn. I expect she's quite offended with me. But by the by there are one or two things which I am determined you shall explain to me, Mr. Clavering. Oh! believe me, I am an expert diviner of all intricate mysteries, particularly when such a dear friend as Isadora is concerned."

"I fear most seriously, my good Miss Shelton," answered Clavering, glancing uneasily at his father, "that you will be much disappointed, as I can assure you that I have no very intricate secrets to be discovered;" but the colonel was perfectly charmed with his equivoque, as it presented to him the most sanguine and pleasing construction.

"La! Mr. Beverly," she exclaimed, turning to that gentleman, "they tell me you are one of those Puseyites. Miss Betty Wilkins told me so this morning."

"Ah," he answered, "I heard yesterday, Miss Kate, that I was a Catholic—to day at dinner a Mormon, and now a Puseyite; really I think among the three I ought certainly to get to heaven!"

"Oh!" cried Miss Caldwell, "any thing on earth but a Catholic—they are so awfully idolatrous."

"True," said the colonel approvingly.

"La! Mr. Clavering," persevered Miss Shelton, "may be you are a Puseyite; I never thought of it before. They say they are doing wonders in England. Miss Betty read to me this morning that they were having popish confessionals put up in some of the Episcopal churches. Oh! you ought to have seen the fidget the dear old lady was in."

"God deliver us," said the colonel severely, "from their abominable doctrines, which, if stamped as orthodox by the church of England, will bring the church again, without doubt, under the yoke of Rome. I for one, in such a case, would join Methodist or Quaker rather than be drawn into such an act!"

"My dear Miss Caldwell," said Mr. Beverly, "allow me to ask *why* you think the poor papists are so idolatrous?"

"Oh! a thousand reasons. I was at Richmond once and visited the Catholic church, and saw with my own eyes priest and people adoring the bread and wine in the sacrament—yes, worshipping it!"

"Preposterous," exclaimed Mr. Beverly, "I am not a Catholic, but I am perfectly well acquainted with their doctrines. The bread

which you believed them to be worshipping, Miss Caldwell, and which, as you observed, was made in the form of a wafer, was the consecrated host, or, in other words, the eucharist, which, with the wine contained in the chalice, is always offered up at mass, and which Catholics believe by the power of God and the virtue of the words of consecration to be the real body and blood of Christ, still preserving in outward appearance the natural forms of bread and wine."

"Awful! shocking! blasphemous!" was exclaimed by all except Mr. Beverly and Clavering.

"I think," said Mr. Beverly, "my discourse ought to be brought to a conclusion after such a flattering reception."

"Oh, no—no!" they all answered.

"No," replied the colonel; "any explanation of any part of their doctrines, particularly on this point, only stamps the brand of idolatry with more certainty on them. Worshipping bread and wine! what can be more senseless—more idolatrous, when the great Creator—God—demands the adoration which is thus paid to his creatures."

"Well," answered Mr. Beverly, good humoredly, "I will only quote the opinions of two celebrated divines of the church of England on the subject, which correspond perfectly with the meaning of the Catholic church. But understand, I am impartial, and do it merely to defend the absent, on a point in regard to which *I* believe they are more than half right.—'Will any papist,' asks the candid Thorndyke, prebendary of Westminster, 'acknowledge that he honors the elements of the eucharist for God? Will common sense charge him with honoring that in the sacrament which he does not believe to be there?'* And Dr. Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Doren, argues with equal firmness, when he says: 'The object of their (the Catholics') adoration in the sacrament is the only true and eternal God, hypostatically united with his holy humanity, which humanity they believe actually present under the veil of the sacrament. If they thought him not present, they are so far from worshipping the BREAD, that they profess it idolatry to do so. This is demonstration that the soul has nothing in it idolatrical; the will has nothing in it but what is the greatest enemy to idolatry.' "*

Miss Shelton was engaged *sotto voce* in earnest conversation with Miss Caldwell, relative to the respective merits of certain individuals then present at the fete—the colonel yawned as if he was bored to death, and Clavering was the only listener the generous Mr. Beverly had.

"But really," said he, "this is a subject which is exceedingly inappropriate on such an occasion and in such a scene; but the fact is, Mr. Clavering, truth, like murder, 'will out,' you know."

"Your defence, if I understand you right, my dear sir," said Clavering, "would have been extended with equal generosity to any sectarian principles which might have been misrepresented?"

"Precisely," said Mr. Beverly, laughing. "I have quite a mania for taking up the cudgels in defence of the absent indiscriminately: good, bad, and indifferent, I believe, share my good offices alike."

"A kind of a polemical Don Quixotte," said Clavering, smiling.

"Oh, canst *thou* tell me where I may find a Sancho—a trusty squire!" exclaimed Mr. Beverly, with such an air of mock anxiety and grief, to Clavering, that he could not forbear smiling, while he sincerely pitied this singularly gifted being who made it his religion to defend the doctrines and errors of the whole world, without apparently having any idea of discerning or discriminating the undying principle, which binds the faithful soul to Christ in the bonds of "one faith" and "one baptism."

"Well, gentlemen," said Miss Shelton, "is the subject disposed of? if so, let us join yon delightful throng, whose gaiety offers a most charming contrast with this haunted shadowy looking place and this awfully gloomy conversation!"

"I believe," said the student, offering her his arm, "I may claim the honor?"

"Oh, certainly, and I'll tell you a secret in the bargain."

"I am all anxiety," replied Clavering; "what can it be?"

Some trifling rejoinder was made by Miss

* Just Weights and Measures.—c. 19.

* Liberty of Prophesying, sec. 20.

Shelton, as they joined a gay group whose screams of laughter, as they approached, announced to her that they were kindred spirits with her own.—Pale beams were dawning in the east, ere the delighted crowd dispersed to seek on their pillows rest and refreshment after the night's dissipation!

Mrs. Clavering had for some weeks watched her son's countenance with the most intense anxiety, and in secret shed many tears at the thought of coming sorrows which she knew must necessarily close around both herself and son, if he declared his sentiments in favor of the Roman Catholic church. She retained all her devotion for her husband, and when she thought of the blow that such a disclosure would inflict on him, and what discord and gloom would exist then, where now all was peace and confidence—of her child who would perhaps be disinherited and banished from her presence; alas! the measure of her woes seemed filling fast. She well knew the terrible inflexibility of Col. Clavering's will, when principles of right or conscience were involved in a question, and, above all, she knew the deep and bitter prejudices existing in his mind against her forsaken creed. Would he tolerate for an instant the probability that his SON—his HEIR, over whose religious education he had so earnestly and particularly watched, fearing that he might imbibe with his mother's milk, her sentiments, should embrace a faith which above all others he looked on as sacrilegious and idolatrous? Her heart was torn within her, and her mind kept in such a painful state of anxiety, that traces of her care soon began to make the same ravages on her cheeks, which so painfully marked the beautiful and noble features of her son. She had remarked with a feeling of relief that the student had seemed to throw aside his serious thoughts, and join with apparent zest in the gaiety around him; and oh, weak human nature! perverse heart! at such times she would have rejoiced if he had never heard of a religion different from that in which he had been educated. Human respect! that vile serpent which had cast its trail over the Eden of her heart, almost blasting its eternal beauty, had not yet withdrawn its venom, and her thoughts, like the waves of a stormy sea, ran hither and thither, their natural flow turned aside and made the buffet of wild, unstable winds. She was to be pitied! For herself, she would not have been thus moved—but the idol of her soul! her first born and only son! how could it be borne? The next day, while their guests still slumbered undisturbed, the colonel and his lady met in the drawing room, whither they had gone expecting to meet some one at least of their gay friends.

"Good morning, my dear," said the colonel, "this meeting is quite appropos this morning, I assure you. I have been impatiently wishing for an opportunity to speak to you about Louis."

"How?" she asked anxiously—"about Louis? have you discovered——?"

"The same thing perhaps that you have—but come, Josephine, take my arm, and," said the colonel, offering it, "we can consult together about the matter—we need not sit down—you know I must walk before breakfast, and as we have met so opportunely here, I must beg you to walk with me!"

"Certainly, colonel!" she answered, much relieved by his kind manner—as she laid her arm within his, and commenced walking at a brisk pace to and fro the length of the large drawing room, while the bright unclouded sunbeams fell through the open windows in cheerful beauty on the floor, and a brisk, fresh breeze came sweeping up from the water, giving to their promenade all the zest and freshness of out-door exercise.

"Do you know, my dear, I think we had better hurry this marriage on as soon as possible—Louis looks ill—and Isadora pale and distressed!"

"Marriage, my dear colonel! Louis and Isadora!" asked Mrs. Clavering, amazed, "are they to be married?"

"Certainly, my dear," answered the colonel—"certainly; the whole world expects it."

"I should be pleased without measure," said the lady earnestly, "if it could be accomplished; but you know that the parties concerned are to be consulted on so important a matter!"

"Oh, as to that," exclaimed the colonel, "I know Isadora's sentiments perfectly well—they are as favorable as the most sanguine heart could wish, and as to my son, I have watched him closely, and am pretty well assured that he is ardently attached to her. I believe firmly it is preying on her mind, but

he is so immersed in his studies and with those hateful, horrid books, that he don't know, himself, exactly what ails him!"

But Mrs. Clavering knew well that concealed love had no share in her son's abstractions, and said nothing.

"As all these folks go away to-morrow," continued he, "I'll have a conference with Louis, and get the matter off his mind and my own too. 'Fore George, it's enough to break my heart to see the fellow looking so—and you too, madam, I do not think *you* look as you used to. You look older by five years than you did some few months ago."

"I *am* growing old, my dear," answered his lady, attempting to smile.

"Well—well!" replied he, "when our young folks are married and happy we'll give wrinkles and cares to the winds. I shall see Louis to-morrow or the day after, and find out the cause of all this, you may depend on it." Just then approaching footsteps and the sounds of talking and laughter announced the approach of some of their guests, much to Mrs. Clavering's relief; for she well knew that in the interchange of civilities and the discharge of hospitable duties the colonel would forget, at least for a short time, the subject that so perplexed him.

The gay party took their departure the next morning in the steamboat, which again passed on her route from Baltimore to Fredericksburg, and left the little circle at the "Forest" solitary and almost sad.

CHAPTER IX.

Chivalry and Religion.

After more mature consideration, Colonel Clavering thought he would allow things to progress a little further without his interference, fondly hoping that they would soon disclose to each other their mutual regards. It had long been a settled point in his own mind that these two gifted beings, whom he loved beyond expression, would be some day united, and so accustomed was he to complete every arrangement with an eye referable to this, and to hear his neighbors often say, "When your son and ward are married," that if an angel had appeared and told him that all these hopes were destined to be destroyed—that not the smallest probability of their accomplishment existed, he would have thrown him his glove and told him he lied. He could not however conceive why things progressed so slowly, and, after thinking with much perplexity for several days and anxious nights on the subject, he came to the conclusion that his son was so enrapt in his studies, so lost in fields of classic lore and profound thought, that he had no idea of the necessity of declaring himself to his cousin after the usual conventional forms. He could not however stand this state of things any longer; he saw his lady looking care-worn and anxious, Isadora pale and uncomplaining, his son ill and dejected; and he, in the fullness of the subject which now concentrated all his energies to one point, imputed all these unusual circumstances to one grand cause, concealment with regard to their sentiments on the part of Louis and Isadora, and maternal solicitude in Mrs. Clavering, and determined to delay no longer the happiness of his family, which he was firmly convinced was compromised in the matter. One day, two weeks perhaps after the departure of the gay company which had lately thronged the mansion, the colonel and his son met in the dining room, and, after exchanging the salutations of the morning, for it wanted yet some time before the hour of family reunion, Colonel Clavering, after many vain attempts to make a graceful approach to the important subject, all of which his son seemed not to comprehend, abruptly requested him to meet him at four o'clock in the library, as he had something of importance to say to him.

"Of very great importance, sir," continued he, "which will, I hope, frighten away the imps which seem to be bottled up in the hearts of you all."

The student expressed his ready acquiescence, all dread and uncertainty as to what this formal speech could allude to. His mind was however prepared for one thing: if this conversation led the way or referred at all to the change in his religious sentiments, aided by the spirit of fortitude which he had not vainly invoked, he at once determined to conceal them no longer, recollecting that he who loved father or mother more than Christ, or was afraid or ashamed to acknowledge him before men, would be finally rejected with terrible denunciation by him, when, clothed in the majestic and awful robes of justice, he should appear to pass judgment on a trembling world. The young student was no enthusiast, but he was

earnest and sincere, and possessed capabilities of appreciating high and holy things in a degree far above the mediocre feelings of the generality of mankind, and seemed to possess gifts which led him to seek out the way of salvation and win heaven as it were with instinctive love, without the interference of those evil qualities and dispositions which in some hearts keep up such a perpetual and spiritual war of tribulation. There seemed to be ever glowing in the young man's heart a seraphic spark which consumed from day to day all those uncongenial feelings or sentiments which might have opposed its steady existence or interposed a veil between his soul, his affections and hopes which were all ever soaring heavenward. Had it been otherwise with him, in all probability trials of a different nature would have dismayed and disturbed the repose of his tranquil faith. And yet how triumphantly great will be the reward of those who plod slowly though surely on towards the goal of their everlasting hope; how brightly will also glow to them the victor's crown after the "heat and toil" of the day are past; and how refreshing will prove those mansions of peace above, where all is rest and peace to those who, in opposition to all natural qualities, persevered in patience, penitence and humility, until at last, having triumphed, they exultingly yield up their souls in hope of a resurrection unto eternal life!

At dinner Clavering made an effort to talk and make the conversation general, and, aided by his father who was in unusually high spirits, he succeeded. All basked for a moment in this glimpse of sun shine, it fell so delightfully bright, and, coming thus suddenly among them in the midst of sadness and shadows, lit up a transient glory in each oppressed heart. At the appointed hour Clavering entered his father's library, and, drawing a chair up to the table at which he sat, awaited with some anxiety for him to begin the conference; but the colonel was in a perfect fidget; he opened books and shut them again with a slap-bang which made every thing on the table tremble at the unwonted vibration it received; then he seized the morning paper, and, looking at it as he held it up-side down, hummed a few bars of an old hunting song, then dashed it from him; a splendid ink-stand of the finest and most delicate porcelain was next taken up and tapped with an impatient motion on the table until a drop or two of the fluid, stealing over his fingers, annoyed him, and, without appearing at all conscious of what he was doing, consigned it to the "tomb of the Capulets," by pushing it with a "pshaw!" from its fragile stand to the floor.

"Dear sir," said the student, amused in spite of himself, "you have broken your last new year's gift to Isadora!"

"Isadora," said the colonel, "true, true, that is the very thing! What do you think of Isadora? tell me *that*, young sir; I will have no more concealments—no more heavy hearts about me; come, answer me."

"Your question is a singular one, sir," answered Clavering with a pang at his heart, "but one which I can readily answer."

"I dare say," remarked the colonel, looking slily at his son.

"My cousin," he continued, "is one of the most amiable persons I ever knew; her virtues, her piety, in fact her innumerable good qualities, leaving her great external attractions out of the question, place her above all praise. I feel sincerely attached——"

"That is it exactly," almost screamed the colonel in an ecstacy; "you are attached to her, and she reciprocates the sentiment; it is all fixed, and before another month rolls over my head, I'll have you married."

"Father! father!" exclaimed Clavering, in a voice of such intense anguish that the colonel started back and gazed on him with astonishment; "dear sir, listen to me for a few moments!"

"What is it now," thundered the colonel; "why, sir, you look like a deserter about to undergo the penalty of martial law, instead of a man who is on the eve of marriage."

"You have made a great mistake; pardon me, my respected father, but, alas! I do not love Isadora!"

"You contradict yourself—you," cried the colonel in a voice trembling between surprise and rage, "you said but a few moments ago that you loved her, and actually raved about her good qualities, and so on."

"You misunderstood me, sir. I did but give Isadora her due, and was about saying that I felt for her all that affection——"

"Aye, just so," again interrupted his father.

"All that affection," gravely continued Clavering, "which I should have extended to a dear sister had such a one been given me. As to entertaining a warmer or more devoted sentiment for my cousin, although she richly deserves the devotion of a life time in reward for her matchless goodness and kind favor, it never was the case and never will be. I have never by the slightest token induced her to believe that I loved her; never has my conduct assumed any other guise than that of a kind brother to a dear sister; never, never have I extended towards her any little tenderness of word, look or action, by which she could possibly be deceived. *Sir, I am a Clavering.* I should deem myself the basest of mankind could I be capable of winning a heart and then coldly casting it from me!"

"Sir—sir—you are a fool," exclaimed his angry father; "a double-dyed fool, if you reject the offers which I now make you; answer me one question, have you become entangled in any affair or engagement of which your parents are ignorant?"

"None, sir," answered Clavering, rising and folding his arms on his breast; "nay, sir," he said as his father motioned him to be seated; "it is but fit that I should stand, perhaps kneel ere this conference is over!" Colonel Clavering was touched by his mournful manner, and spoke more kindly.

"From the time, Louis, that Isadora was committed to my care, some fourteen years ago, until the present moment, I have set my heart on seeing you some day or other united. I did hope that my last days would be blessed by this marriage, and as years passed by I have gazed on you both with tears of delight and pride; and when I, by unfair means perhaps, wrung from her the secret of her attachment for you, had I not reason, sir, had I not reason to hope for a consummation of my wishes?"

"You painted our intercourse with the hue of your own hopes, dear father!" said Clavering.

"And, sir," continued the colonel, "has she not been pining away, losing the roses from her cheeks, and gliding like a troubled spirit about the house, more than the bright, and lively being she used to be? 'Fore George, sir, if you reject such matchless excellence as Isadora's, you are not worthy of your name!"

"I am grieved—sorely grieved!" said Clavering, in a low, troubled voice; "your representations have deeply pained my already troubled heart."

"Then why not pluck it out at once," persisted his father, "by uniting youself with one who would make you happy, Louis, who would as my daughter make your old father happy!" A tear rolled down his cheeks!

"Spare me, my father, spare me!" exclaimed Clavering, profoundly touched.

"Why not be happy, my son! You have got your head filled with romantic notions from books; this is all nonsense; away with your ideal perfections and affections; base this affair on honor and common sense, and offer your hand at once to Isadora. Has she not all the qualities to make you happy? Does she not kneel at the same altar with you? Is not the religion you both profess beautified in her; will you not love it even more because she, the wife of your choice, Louis, sits like a star on its forehead!"

"Clavering bowed his head and covered his face with his hands. Should he comply? How could he as a *gentleman*—a man and a Christian—reject such a being under such trying and peculiar circumstances? Did not the world expect the sacrifice, and could he, by apparently forsaking her, expose her, all delicate and shrinking as was her susceptible nature, to its scornful finger and jeering smile! And his father, who loved him with such an absorbing love, whose life was woven in with his, who had ever been to him the kindest and best of friends, alas! how could he thus disappoint and grieve him? After some ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed, during which time both father and son observed the most profound silence, the young student raised his head and revealed a face deathly pale, over which manly tears had been gushing—tears wrung from the depths of his chastened heart, and with an expression at once sad and determined on his noble features, approached his father, and bending his knee before him, said,

"Lay your hand on my head, father, and bless me!"

The colonel, much astonished and affected, laid one hand on his head in benediction, while with the other he attempted to raise him from his humble posture, but he said:

"Curse me not, father, after you have

blessed me, but ere I can comply with your wishes relative to Isadora, I must declare to you on my bended knees, father, in the sight of the great God and his angels, that I shall never again kneel at the altars you speak of; never partake again with you in the ceremonies of that church to which you are so devoted."

"What is this, my God!" exclaimed the colonel. "What madness! what delirium! Are you an infidel? an atheist? that you thus madly throw off ——"

"Spare me, father," said Clavering, who had arisen and was now standing before him, "I am neither—I AM a CATHOLIC."

"Leave me," gasped the colonel, who had fallen back as if seared by a blast of lightning; "leave me, viper, stinging my inmost heart, leave me for ever! never let me see that accursed—but—but—go, go, leave me, or maledictions from my incensed heart will wither you. Go, SIR!" he thundered, as his son, alarmed at his white, pinched features, made a step towards him.

He left the library, and, meeting his mother in the hall, whispered, as he rushed past, "Go to my father—in the library—he knows all: he is ill!" and continued on until he reached the oratory, where, hastily opening the door, he knelt before the shrine, and in another moment fell insensible at the feet of the Mother of sorrows! thus carrying the thorns that crowned his pierced heart, to offer them up in sacrifice to Him who for his sake had known sorrows and tasted death.

TO BE CONTINUED.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

(From our European Correspondent.)

LYONS—*Its martyrs, piety, churches, exemption from the plague, cemeteries, antiquities, &c.*

"Behold me at last actually in the eternal city, and in sight of the dome of St. Peter's! I left Paris the moment after I had closed my letter to you. My journey across from Paris to Lyons was not very interesting. The diligence was crowded, and we travelled for sixty hours, day and night.

"At Lyons I had determined to rest a day, and that day chanced to be Epiphany. I had long looked upon that city as the peculiar seat of faith and piety in France. In the early ages of the church it was illustrated by the learning and sanctity of St. Irenæus and St. Pothinus, and the extraordinary fortitude of St. Blandina. One emperor is said to have caused the massacre of *nineteen thousand men*, not counting the women and children; and it seems that their blood, which flowed in a stream down the hill, gave a spiritual fertility to the soil which, even to this day, shows itself by its fruits. Here you know was the origin and is still the centre of that simple but efficacious organization to collect funds for the propagation of the faith; a work which has produced the happiest effects in every quarter of the globe, giving faith to the poor Chinese, to the South Sea islander, assisting too our own American church, and I believe it is partly to it that I am indebted for my place here in college. The prayers of the hundreds of fervent converts in China, and the blood of their martyrs ought of themselves to bring down blessings on the zealous city; and indeed its faith and piety are most pleasing.

"In the suburbs of the city is a long high hill, with two principal summits, about half a mile apart. On the most northerly of these was the forum or public square of the old city, and that was the scene of some of the martyrdoms, particularly of that of St. Blandina. There is a small irregular and ancient church of the Blessed Virgin on the summit, and the name of the spot, 'Forumbetus,' has gradually changed, so that the church is now called 'Notre Dame de Fourvierès.' The Lyonese had great devotion to this place, and it was a sore affliction to them when the impious revolutionists turned it into a stable.

"When Pope Pius passed through Lyons to crown Napoleon, the church had been restored, and he was so much pleased with the piety he saw in the city, that he celebrated mass in this little church, and enriched it with most ample indulgences.

"When the cholera was ravaging France, as it approached this city, the people had recourse to the intercession of our holy Mother, and to numerous public devotions they added a solemn procession to this little church, in which thousands joined, and the church was thronged with a constant succession of suppliants. Let scoffers sneer as they please,

Lyons was perhaps the *only* city of great size in Europe, or in the world, that escaped that terrible plague!

"This church then was the first object of my pilgrimage. It is nearly as large as yours at St. Joseph's; it is very old, even dilapidated, and the nave is divided by pillars into two parts, each of which has a high altar at the end. There are, as usual, small altars against the side walls, but what struck me most was that the wall was almost entirely covered with paintings and tapestry, and little framed inscriptions, nearly all placed there 'ex voto.' Many represented the sick bed, and an humble suppliant on his knees, begging the restoration of his friend or relative. Sometimes it was still farther explained by a figure of the Blessed Virgin as if appearing in vision to her fervent client. One exhibited a man upon the floating cakes of ice, the river sweeping him along, thousands looking on from the windows and the quays, while the poor man, unable to assist himself, is on his knees, making his prayer, and his vow of an offering to the Help of Christians. He was rescued, and this little painting is the fulfilment of his vow. Every picture bears, at the bottom, the name or initials of the offerer, and the date of the event, with the words 'ex voto.' None of them are specimens of art, and many are even amusingly rude in their execution; but the faith and devotion were not the less pleasing because joined to simplicity, and he must be ill-natured indeed who would be angry with a man, or even deny him the consolation of making his offering of gratitude, because he was not a good painter.

"Others, as in many churches in France, make the smaller offering of a few tapers, which the old women have there to sell, and which they light upon little stands before the altar. In this case, however, they were only sold at the shops, some distance from the church. But in the church of St. Roch, in Paris, before the fourteenth station, which is really a sepulchre in the rocks, with figures of statuary as large as life, I lit two for myself and two for——.

"On this same hill, farther back from the city, was the grave yard, the only one I had an opportunity to visit in France. I never before had an idea of the beautiful forms in which Catholic affection for the departed may display itself. The common ornament, even what seemed to be for the poor, was an ornamented iron cross, with a large *heart* placed upon the junction of the arms, which, being of actual utility to bind the pieces together, served at the same time as a place for the inscription, and as an expressive emblem of the strength of the affections that still united the living and the dead. Almost every cross had a wreath of natural flowers hanging on it; and many of the graves had also little pots of flowers, and *fresh* nosegays. Sometimes there was a little image or a framed picture fastened on the cross, with a covering to protect it. The tombs were beautiful, and of such variety that from my hurried walk I can not recall a satisfactory conception of any one: but there were Gothic canopies and large stone crosses, and angels carrying the soul to heaven; there were many little chapels, with altars and all the ornaments for the sacrifice; and sometimes over the altar was a really valuable painting of the Blessed Virgin, or of some pious subject. The inscriptions were, many of them, most edifying; and they very commonly ended with begging a 'De profundis' from the charitable stranger. I need not say that the grounds, covering several acres, were in excellent order. Every grave had flowers and shrubbery around it. I felt again how beautiful is true religion, which, when left to its own inclination, not forced to shrink before the coldness and coarseness of unbelief, can give a consoling cheerfulness even to the solemnity of the grave.

"On the other summit of that hill, and overlooking the lower part of the town, is what now goes by the name of the Calvary. It was along the ridge of the hill that the ancient city stood, and on this other summit was built the first church of the Christians.

"It was near here that the nineteen thousand were massacred, and the bones of many, perhaps all, were buried under the chapel. They remained in religious security until the religious wars, when the Calvinists tore up a part of the old mosaic pavement, threw many of the bones out into the chapel, mixed the bones of animals with them, and then cut away the large stone pillars, that the heavy arched roof might fall in, and the relics no longer be known nor honored. Whether by divine interposition, or simply from the strength of the building, the roof did not fall, even after the removal of the six massive pillars which the first builders had thought necessary for its support. After many years, however, it was thought proper to replace them. Able anatomists made a separation of the human bones from those of animals, and the former were deposited in a large recess, and a strong iron wire grating was fixed over the opening: a marble slab at the side bears the decree of the pope declaring the authenticity of the relics. This little chapel is still there. It is now subterranean, and a church is built above it. I visited it of course. The old door-way is still seen though walled up.

"A large part of the floor is the original mosaic pavement, undisturbed since the times of the early Christians; and still more, there is yet the very altar which was first erected, which St. Pothinus, the first bishop, dedicated in honor of his old master, St. Polycarp, and at which both St. Pothinus and St. Irenæus often offered the holy sacrifice.

"Just outside of this chapel, but still under the new church, is the recess containing the bones I spoke of. There they lie in a promiscuous heap, and I was told that the recess was fifteen feet cubic. It was nearly filled! As the grating is never opened the dust had gathered thick on them: but here they were—relics of hundreds of early martyrs, some within a few inches of the grating. How I longed to be able to reach them, and to gather at least a little dust from them! I knelt a little while, to recommend myself and 'those for whom I was bound to pray,' to their powerful intercession: it was getting late, and I had to leave much sooner than I wished, consoling myself with the hope that I would see many holy things in Rome, when my mind would not be so completely dissipated by the distractions of travelling.

"The wall of the yard at the side of the church is ornamented with the stations of the cross, sculptured on large slabs of marble. The crucifix is large, and stands upon a mould, under which is a cave, into which you descend by steps to visit the body in the sepulchre.

"Along the ridge, between these two summits, are the remains of lofty brick arches, over the tops of which the Romans had built their aqueduct: but I did not much attend to them. I was wearied with climbing, and had food enough for thought, more pleasing than the study of pagan antiquities."

Norway.—We notice with regret the readiness which is evinced by the newspapers of this country to publish every thing that may tend to excite public prejudice against the Catholic faith. The journals from one end of the country to the other rang with the cruelties which were said to have been executed on a woman in Madeira; but when the true state of the case was known, and it was evident that the story of her cruelties and wrongs was the invention of some lying fanatic, comparatively few of these journals published the contradiction. During the course of last year, also, the country was called upon to execrate the government of the pope, on account of an intolerant and oppressive law which, it was said, had been put in force against the Israelites of his dominions. This, too, turned out a mere calumny; no such acts were either passed or attempted to be put in force in Ancona, as it was stated, or in any other portion of the sovereign pontiff's dominions. The Catholic journals published this contradiction; but we do not recollect to have seen it copied into one of the secular papers of the day, and hence the evil impression made by publishing the calumny, was permitted to remain on the public mind.

But if sectarian and other journals are generally very ready to notice the calumnious stories which appear against Catholic governments, or Catholic institutions, they are for the most part imperturbably silent with regard to the opinions and intolerance exercised against the Catholic religion. During the course of the past year we noticed the execution of the penal laws, which exist in Sweden and Norway, against a distinguished artist, who dared, after mature deliberation, to embrace the Catholic faith. Imprisonment, confiscation of his property, and, lastly, exile from his home and country, were the tender mercies which he experienced from Protestants, who talk so much about the rights of private judgment and liberty of conscience, but who very frequently, when they have the power, are far from granting to others what they claim as a right for themselves. We translate from a French paper another instance of religious intolerance in Norway, which goes to show that the poor Jew is there subjected to penalties as well as the Catholic: "The barbarous and intolerant laws of Norway have been lately put in force, in their primitive rigor, against two Israelites; one named Leo Lopez, a Portuguese Jew, and a chemist by profession; the other Emanuel Philipsen, an optician, of Fredonia, in Denmark. They were arrested on account of their religion, and incarcerated with robbers and felons, in the prison of Christiana, where, as late as the 29th of December last, they were still detained. Philipsen declared that he had the misfortune to be born of Jewish parents, and to be brought up in the entire observances of the Jewish faith; but that he was receiving instructions preparatory to becoming a member of the Catholic church: this he proved by producing a letter from M. Monz, Catholic curate of Christiana. The assertion of his embracing the Catholic faith did but render his situation more trying, and likewise implicated M. Monz; for the laws, under very severe penalties, not only forbid any one to become a Catholic, but punish severely those who are accessary to their conversion. In the present instance, however, two questions arose, which the law has neither decided upon, nor foreseen: namely, when the convert is a Jew or an infidel, and when, as in the present case, he is a subject of a foreign power: in this case, can the converted Jew be permitted to reside in the kingdom? Whilst waiting for the decision of these questions, the two unfortunate strangers, who had come to Christiana to exercise their professions honorably, are rigorously confined, waiting the issue of the judgment, which, according to the tenor of the law, will condemn them to pay the sum of eight hundred crowns each, and to expulsion from the kingdom. With such facts before our eyes, and the existence of restrictions on the liberty of conscience, existing with more or less severity in every Protestant country in Europe, Protestantism with effrontery proclaims itself the propagator and patron of religious toleration."

DENMARK.—With infinite labor, and after a long series of difficult negociations, the Austrian minister in Denmark has obtained permission from the Danish government to erect a Catholic church in Copenhagen, the first that has been constructed since the disastrous epoch of the reformation. It will be one hundred and twenty feet long by fifty feet wide, but without bells or tower. It required an especial permission to have the front built on the street: the small chapel, which long lay in ruins on this spot, was surrounded by a wall, so high as to conceal it from view, and almost intercept the light of day. The members of the Catholic faith in Copenhagen number about six hundred souls; they are under the spiritual guidance of two priests, who are supported by the Austrian government. The children of mixed marriages are required, by law, to be raised in the Lutheran communion, and on this point the law is positive and inflexible; pastors are required to watch over its rigorous observance. As respects conversions, the law is the same in Denmark as in Sweden. Any Dane who should, in obedience to the dictates of his conscience, embrace the Catholic religion, would be imprisoned, have his possessions confiscated, and finally be exiled from his country. In the eyes of Protestants such laws would be execrable, if they existed in a Catholic country, and were made against Protestants; having, however, been enacted in a Protestant country, and against Catholics, they are plainly very just and perfectly in accordance with the spirit of toleration.—*L'Ami.*

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Religious profession.*—On February 26th, three novices in the convent of the Visitation at George Town made their vows. Sister MARY JOSEPH (Mrs. Keating of Philadelphia), Sister MARY EULALIA (Miss Julia Pearce of Boston), and Sister MARY MICHAELLA (Miss Georgiana Pearce of Boston); also on the 23d inst., four were admitted to their vows in the convent of the Visitation at Baltimore. Sister MARY CELESTINE (Miss Mary O'Brien of Baltimore), Sister MARY AMBROSIA (Miss Honoria Brenan of Washington city), Sister MARY XAVIER (Miss Mary Queen of Charles county, Md.), and Sister MARY ANN, an out-sister, (Miss Catharine Kemler of Adam's county, Penn.)

DIOCESS OF DETROIT.—On the 26th January, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Lefevere administered the sacrament of confirmation to ninety-eight persons, at Bertrand, several of whom were converts. The faithful had been prepared for this visit of the bishop by a previous retreat.—*Cath. Herald.*

DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—*Ordination.*—The Rev. Hugh McLoughlin received the sacred order of deaconship in the cathedral, on Sunday, 16th February.—*Cath. Her.*

DIOCESS OF PITTSBURG.—*Taking the Veil.*—On Monday, the 4th of February, in St. Paul's cathedral, Miss Eliza Wynne (Sister Mary Catharine) and Miss E. McCaffrey (Sister Mary Agnes) received the white veil in the order of the Sisters of Mercy, from the hands of the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

DIOCESS OF NEW ORLEANS.—*Ordination.*—On Monday, February 3d, Bishop Blanc will confer the holy order of deaconship on Mr. A. Rouquette of New Orleans.—*Prop. Cath.*

DIOCESS OF LITTLE ROCK.—On the 28th of October, feast of SS. Simon and Jude, the holy order of subdeacon was conferred on Mr. Thomas MacKeone. On the feast of All-Saints, November 1st, Rev. Mr. MacKeone received the order of deacon. And on the Sunday within the Octave of All-Saints the same reverend gentleman was promoted to the priesthood. This is the first ordination held by the Right Rev. Dr. Byrne, bishop of Little Rock. It took place in the church of St. Ambrose at the post of Arkansas.—*St. Louis Cabinet.*

CASE OF MR. E. I. WILSON.—*The Baltimore Clipper.*—The following letter from Bp. Purcell, of Cincinnati, to a friend in Baltimore, will throw some light upon the *awful disclosure* which recently began to frighten some of the good people in this latitude.

"CINCINNATI, 10th FEB. 1845.

"Permit me to return you my sincere thanks for your solicitude and kindness in sending me the numbers of the "Baltimore Republican & Clipper," of the 1st and 3d inst., containing the slanderous and absurd story of the incarceration of Edward J. Wilson in a religious institution of this city. Of all the impudent falsehoods of the present day, this is certainly the most impudent. For the sake of Mr. Wilson's respectable and esteemed connections, whose feelings this wanton publication of their unfortunate kinsman's insanity and the causes that led to it must greatly outrage, most deeply do I regret that it should have found its way into the newspapers.

"It is, perhaps, necessary to state that failure in business and other disappointments resulted in the mental derangement of Mr. W. About nine years past he came to this city, where habits previously contracted reduced him to such a state that it was found necessary to place him in the 'Commercial Hospital.' To effect this purpose, the Rev. John Thompson Brooke, Rector of Christ's (Episcopal) church, Cincinnati, and a relative of Mr. Wilson's deceased wife (her nephew, if I am not misinformed), called one morning at the early hour of five o'clock, to request the Rev. Francis B. Jamison, who was then residing at my house, to accompany and assist him in the discharge of that painful duty. He did so, and Mr. Wilson was conveyed *from the Rev. Mr. Brooke's residence* to the hospital,

where he was confided to the humane care of the superintendent and managers of that institution, and specially commended to the faculty of the Medical College of Ohio, who are charged with the treatment of the patients. Under their attentive and judicious management, he, in a little time, so far recovered as to admit of his being allowed to range freely over the hospital grounds and occasionally to visit his friends in town. Mr. Brooke called to see him from time to time, and neither myself, nor the Very Rev. Mr. Collins, nor Father De Theux, S. J., neglected to pass as much time with him as our other duties would allow, when we were called to attend the other patients in the hospital. I also apprised his friends in Maryland of his situation.

"Mr. Wilson, though otherwise his condition was so much ameliorated, continued to labor under a kind of monomania. He fatigued his visiters by telling them what was altogether unfounded, that the Rev. Mr. Brooke had cheated him out of a considerable amount of bank stock, and that he had availed himself of a power of attorney, which he (Mr. W.) had given him, to sell all his valuable property in Franklin street, Baltimore, and put the money into his pocket.

"A man calling himself Richardson, from Baltimore, heard of Mr. Wilson's being in the hospital, and went to see him. Mr. W. told him what he was in the habit of telling every one that would listen to him, of parson Brooke's injustice. Richardson came to tell me of it. I said what I could to inform him aright on the subject; but he seemed determined to believe only Mr. Wilson, and asked me for money to procure him suitable clothing in which to cross the mountains on his return to Baltimore. I refused, suggesting that it would probably not improve the condition of Mr. W. to remove him, that his friends would not thank him for rendering him such an equivocal service; and that at all events, the superintendent of the hospital would furnish the necessary warm clothing, if it should be thought expedient to send Mr. W. to Baltimore. I had various other reasons for returning this answer to Mr. Richardson, which may readily occur to the most charitable. I have since learned with regret that he had been allowed to take Mr. Wilson from the hospital, and of the Munchausen stories with which his fellow travellers and others have been entertained in connection with the matter, on their way to the east.

"I would add that the Rev. Mr. Brooke kept Mr. Wilson's children, as I did his brother and nephews, regularly advised of his health and state of mind."

Bower's History of the Popes.—We copy from the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*, the following exposé relative to this work, which is now in course of publication in Philadelphia. The base character of this production will show what expedients are resorted to for *enlightening* the public mind on the subject of *popery*.

"We allude to the 'History of the Popes' by the infamous Archibald Bower, a work which, for almost a century, has been consigned, in common by scholars and divines, to ignominy and contempt, as inaccurate, unfaithful, and a vile plagiarism; the work of an impostor and charlatan. And, strange as it may seem, the exposure of the character of the work, and of its author, was brought about mainly and directly by English Protestants, and at a time, too, when feelings of religious rancor and hostility ran as high as they now do. There was then, however, some restraint upon the extent to which literary and religious rivalry could go. The impostor was liable to detection though clad in the robes of the partisan. Bower was exposed, together with his work, to deserved condemnation, even before the last volume of that work was fairly delivered from the press, and seldom, if ever since, has he been quoted as authority of the slightest value upon any point connected with the history of the popes.

"And yet this work has been reissued after the lapse of little less than a century, with the *prestige* of a pompous *introduction* just adopted to suit the times, and with the guarantee and certificate of *popular* ministers as to the soundness of the history and the character of the author. They are both fully endorsed by men of no less standing in the Protestant community than the Rev. Dr. Miller of Princeton, and the Rev. Dr. Cox of Brooklyn. These ministers, and others by silent acquiescence and consent, have recommended the volumes of Archibald Bower, as '*incomparable*' history. After this recent and pungent example, what weapons will the 'anti-popery' spirit of American Protestantism next resort to for the accomplishment of its cherished ends? None can be handled more disgraceful or absurd. A word as to the work, and a word as to the author.

"Bower, a Scotchman, born in 1686, entered the Scots' college at Douay in 1702. He became a Jesuit in 1706. He continued in Italy for several years, till a most infamous act of scandal in his character as an ecclesiastic led to his flight, in anticipation of consequences, from Perugia to England in 1726. He has himself given the details of his flight, which were subsequently disproved in almost every material particular, and yet it appears from that account that he committed acts very much like the stealing of two horses during his *hegira*. Of course he *left* the order, conformed to the church of England, put forth his proposals for his 'History of the Popes' in 1747, and *married* in 1749. The second volume of the work appeared in 1751, and the third in 1753. The bad practices and vicious character of Bower were discovered in

1756, when that controversy began which ended in the total disgrace of himself and his work. He was convicted of the disgraceful charges alleged against him, want of veracity, perjury, and other vices. He fell into complete contempt. His work was attacked and shown to be a wholesale plagiarism from Villemont and others. It also fell into contempt, and was after an edition in 1766, consigned to the almost unremembered shelf from which the *liberal* investigations of Dr. Cox have alone rescued it. There were twenty-two distinct publications in the controversy by which Bower was so thoroughly exposed. He found no allies, but was alone on the defence. Such was the apostate fury of his history against the church, that even some Protestants were drawn to a vindication. The first of these was Douglas, bishop of Salisbury, who, in 1756, published an exposure of numbers of Bower's falsifications of history. The reader may remember in the 'Retaliation,' by Goldsmith, the couplet:

'New Lauders and *Bowers* the Tweed shall cross over,
No countrymen living their tricks to discover,'

alluding to the death of Dr. Douglas (a Scot), 'the scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks.'

"The Rev. Henry Temple also fell upon him in 1758, with a pamphlet full of exposures.

"We have said enough to indicate the character of the work reissued under the sanction of divines holding no secondary position amidst the Protestant community. We consider the device of revamping up the discreditable work of Bower, under all the circumstances of its exposure and subsequent disuse, as disgraceful to all engaged in it. It is a work which, as a weapon in the hands of "anti-popery" champions, will reflect any thing but honor upon those who employ it, being, as to character, about on a par with the volumes of Monk and Partridge, and as to utility to the cause in which *they* were employed, much beneath the literary efforts of those renowned heroines.

"We had intended for our readers some choice *morceaux* from the introduction of Dr. Cox, which we are compelled to defer at present, to be given perhaps hereafter."

To Correspondents and Readers.—We acknowledge with many thanks the following articles that have been sent to us: 1. *Views on the Sabbath Question*, which enters at length into the discussion of the principles involved in this subject, and exposes the errors which prevail in relation to it: 2. *Anglican Ordinations*, from a learned and distinguished member of the American hierarchy, who replies briefly to Mr. Evans' *Essays*: 3. *The charge of Idolatry*, being a review of Mr. Palmer's boasted letters to Dr. Wiseman: 4. *Mormonism*, an interesting abstract of certain publications that have appeared on this recently very exciting topic: 5. *Votive Lines*, a poetical effusion of some merit, but which we prefer not to publish, unless the author make himself known to the editor of the Magazine. To preclude the liability of mistakes, we have adopted a rule, by which anonymous contributions are rejected. 6. The lines on the mass, which were forwarded through a friend in Frederick, Md., we are reluctantly compelled to decline, on account of the important changes which would be necessary to fit them for publication. 7. *Ireland and the Irish*, which, with several of the above mentioned papers, will appear in our next.

We refer our readers to the leading article in this No. of the Magazine, as embodying a vast deal of information which, though rarely possessed among the laity, is not the less entitled to their attentive consideration. The canonization of saints is frequently made the subject of misrepresentation and ridicule by the enemies of Catholicity; and it is well to understand on what grounds it claims our respect. The writer, as will be seen, in touching upon miracles, does not assert their *absolute* necessity at the present day for the conversion of heathen nations, though his language in certain passages would almost incline the reader to suppose that this was his opinion. If he adduces the example of St. Francis Xavier, it is to be considered rather as an illustration of the hypothesis which he has advanced, and to show that the Almighty, under the same circumstances precisely, and with the same designs, would authorize the working of miracles, than to infer, what would not be correct, the general power of Catholic missionaries in similar cases to perform miracles.

OBITUARY.

Died on the 18th of February, at Baltimore, Md. Rev. John B. Gildea, pastor of St. Vincent de Paul's church in that city, aged forty-one years and sixteen days.

In announcing the death of the Rev. Mr. Gildea, it is needless to say that we perform a duty of the most melancholy nature. But a few short weeks since we met together in the usual relations of friendly intercourse, and every thing seemed to augur a long continuance of that usefulness which had uniformly distinguished his ecclesiastical career. But in the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, a sudden gloom has enveloped us. The voice of the zealous pastor has ceased to be heard; the rounds of the active missionary have been vacated; the father of the orphan no longer utters the words of consolation; the priest is seen no more at the altar of the living God. Such are the changes which we are ever destined to witness in this land of pilgrimage; changes, however, which, under circumstances like the present, forbid us to grieve as "they do who have no hope," but rather elevate our thoughts to a higher sphere of existence, and inspire the belief that our deceased brother has been

called to the enjoyment of that blessed reward which has been promised to the good and faithful servant.

Mr. Gildea was born in Baltimore on the 2d of February, 1804. His parents emigrated to this country from Ireland a few years before his birth, and, piously attached as they were to the Catholic church, they carefully instilled into his mind the knowledge and esteem of religious duty. After a proper training during the period of youth, he was admitted into the clerical seminary at Emmitsburg, where he assiduously applied himself to the study of those branches which were necessary to fit him for his high vocation as a Catholic clergyman. From this institution he subsequently passed to the seminary at Baltimore, and here, after the completion of his ecclesiastical education, he was ordained priest by the Most Rev. Archbishop Whitfield, on the 25th of March, 1829. Thus prepared for the labors of the ministry, Mr. Gildea was at first charged with the missions of Martinsburg, Harper's Ferry, and other places in Virginia, which he served, during the space of seven years, with the most commendable zeal and most beneficial results. Two churches were completed and one new church was built by his active efforts. But if the material temples of religion engaged his earnest attention, those spiritual temples, destined to be the living receptacles of the Holy Ghost, were the objects of a still deeper solicitude. Not all the terrors of a raging and desolating pestilence could withdraw him, for a moment, from the theatre of his labors; thrice was he prostrated by the cholera, and thrice did he rise from the bed of sickness to dispense again the consolations of religion to his scattered flock. When the church of St. James in Baltimore had been erected by the munificence of Archbishop Whitfield, Mr. Gildea was appointed to the pastoral charge, in 1836, and exerted himself, with his usual activity, in organizing the congregation, completing the church, and attending to the spiritual wants of those under his care. This situation he left, only to enter upon a wider field of duty in the formation of the numerous congregation that now worship at St. Vincent de Paul's in Front street. This beautiful edifice owes its erection mainly to his influence and untiring zeal, and will ever be considered as a monument alike honorable to religion and creditable to her faithful and worthy minister. But the halo thrown around his memory receives no small degree of lustre from the stately building known as the asylum for male orphans. This establishment was raised with the funds which he had collected, and so long as nature venerates the feeling of humanity, and religion consecrates the offering made to the fatherless, this noble institution will proclaim his praises, and tell of the rich treasures that he has accumulated for eternity. It is well known likewise that the subject of this notice was one of the principal agents in originating and conducting the Catholic Tract Society of Baltimore, of which he was president for several years, and which had the effect of diffusing extensively the knowledge of our holy faith. When the publication of the tracts assumed recently a more simple form, Mr. Gildea still co-operated with his clerical brethren in sustaining this useful undertaking. By his laborious attention to those various duties which had endeared him to his flock, and won for him the respect of a large circle in Baltimore, his constitution was gradually undermined, and it became necessary for him to interrupt his pastoral avocations during a few months of the past year, in order to recruit his failing strength. This happy renovation indeed seemed to have taken place and to promise a protracted career, when a new attack of disease suddenly reduced him to a state of debility which baffled all the resources of art, and indicated too plainly that God had other views in reference to his servant. Nor did he shrink from the accomplishment of these views; he breathed his spirit forth in the confident hope of receiving an ample compensation for all the labors and sacrifices he had endured for Christ's sake: for he could say with the apostle: "I have fought the good fight; I have run my course; I have kept the faith; for the rest there is reserved for me a crown of justice which the just Judge will award to me."

We regret to record the decease of Sister Mary Alphonso, of St. John's academy, Frederick, Md., after a lingering illness of several years, in the full triumph of faith, and the lively hope of a blissful immortality. Sister Alphonso was one of those heroic daughters of the Catholic church who, with a devotion and utter forgetfulness of self rarely found in the flesh, volunteered their active services during that trying period of our city's annals memorable by that terrible scourge, the cholera. Sister Alphonso was appointed to the alms house of Baltimore city and county, where, in ministering to the sufferings of the poor and destitute, she was exposed to influences which at that time very seriously affected her health, and from which she never recovered. Within the last two years her disease had assumed a more dangerous character, and finally terminated her existence on Thursday, January 29th, in the Baltimore infirmary, while sojourning with the Sisters in charge, on her way home from Philadelphia, where she had been to consult a physician. Sister Mary Alphonso was a daughter of Henry Lilly, Esq., of Frederick county, and a sister of Captain Richard Lilly of this city. Her given name was Henrietta. She entered the above institution at the age of sixteen, in the year 1826.—*Balt. Sun.*

Died at St. Louis, on the 2d of January last, Sister Mary Xavier McIntire, formerly of this city.—*Cath. Herald.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation. By Sir Jonah Barrington, L. L. D., K. C., member in the late Irish parliament. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. Balto. John Murphy: 12mo. pp. 472.

Those who take an interest in the present condition of Irish affairs (and we see not how it can fail to attract the earnest attention of every friend of civil and religious freedom) will derive much pleasure and information from the work of Sir Jonah Barrington. It is written in an impartial spirit; its statements are comprehensive, embracing a general outline of Irish history, but particularly an account of its political condition in the eighteenth and the present century; and the narration is set forth with a vigor of style which is very creditable to the author. As we shall refer to this work again, we must confine ourselves at present to the following extract, which is worthy of remark, coming as it does from a Protestant writer.

"The reign of James amply demonstrates that Irish *loyalty* was fully commensurate with royal tolerance; and that whilst plots against his life and conspiracies against his throne abounded in England and debased the British character, *a Catholic population* in Ireland remained faithful to a *bigoted Protestant of England;* and by their conduct during this reign unequivocally disproved the charge of native disloyalty. Their advancement in civilization amply repaid both the people and the monarch, and it is deeply to be regretted that *no* government of England followed the same course, to tranquillize a country whose turbulence has ever been a theme for their calumnies and severity."

This volume is neatly printed, and is embellished with the portraits of many among the distinguished men who figured prominently in the events which it records.

Historical Sketches of O'Connell and his friends, &c., with a glance at the future destiny of Ireland. By Thomas D. Magee. Boston: Donahoe & Rohan. Baltimore: John Murphy. 12mo. pp. 208.

The title of this volume is sufficiently indicative of the scope which the author has taken, and would naturally lead us to expect some interesting sketches of the eminent characters and stirring events which have marked the times in which we live. We are happy to state that the writer has not disappointed this expectation. In speaking, however, of Mr. O'Connell's personal character, as affected by the duelistic engagements into which he was led by an almost unbearable provocation, the author has used the expression "free from crime," which seems to intimate that there may be some circumstances in which private individuals may without crime conform to the *code of honor.* We know not whether the writer attached any other meaning to the expression; but as it stands, it appears to convey a sense which is not consistent with the principles of Catholic morality, as defined in the holy council of Trent. With this exception, we have found the work of Mr. Magee an agreeable volume, and such as will amply repay the reader.

A complete system of Latin Prosody for the use of schools, colleges, and private learners: on a plan entirely new. By Patrick S. Casserly, formerly principal of the Chrestomathic institution, &c., &c. New York: Casserly & Sons. 18mo. pp. 143.

Considering the great want of attention that prevails in this country in relation to the prosody of the learned languages, and the small number of works that we possess properly adapted to this branch of classical study, we do not hesitate to affirm that Mr. Casserly has rendered an important service by the publication of his course of prosody. As he tells us himself, the plan is a new one, very comprehensive, presenting facilities for teaching or learning a correct pronunciation of the Latin, and for acquiring a perfect knowledge of its beautiful metre, either by the aid of rules in the Latin language itself, or by instructions in English. The examples for illustration are also copious, and so arranged as to explain the subject in the most successful manner. Yet the whole work is comprised within a small compass, and thus recommends itself under another aspect, which possesses no small degree of importance. Upon the whole, we think that Mr. Casserly has given to the public a system of prosody which may be termed the easiest, the best, the most concise, and yet the most comprehensive with which we are acquainted. Stirling's *Rhetoric* forms an appendix to the volume, and will be found useful.

Catholic Melodies, or a compilation of Hymns, Anthems, Psalms, &c., with appropriate airs and devotional exercises for the ordinary occasions of Catholic piety and worship; abridged for the use of schools, &c. Balt. printed and published by Jno. Murphy. 24mo. pp. 264.

This is a very neatly executed volume, and has been collected chiefly from the *Catholic Melodies* published a year ago, with a view to furnish a work more particularly suited to those places which have not the same facilities for the exercise of sacred chant, as exist in more populous parts of the country, or do not require so great a variety of music. The manner of singing the responses at mass and vespers has been inserted, with some excellent instructions for acquiring an elementary knowledge of the musical art. We may add that the volume before us will serve as a prayer-book for all ordinary occasions, and that it is sold at a very low price.

The Daily Companion, consisting of the Ordinary of the Mass, with familiar explanations, illustrated with thirty-six engravings. Balt. F. Lucas, Jr. 32mo. pp. 192.

Among the devotional books recently published, and intended for the use of young persons, this will deservedly be esteemed as one of the most useful and most neatly gotten up. It contains all the prayers which are necessary for youth, and in a form well suited to their capacity.

The most important tenets of the Roman Catholic church fairly explained. Philada. William J. Cunningham: Balto: J. Murphy. 32mo. pp. 85.

This little book, from the pen of the Rev. R. Baxter, S. J., is well known to the Catholic community in this country, as a clear exposition of our doctrines, and as such can not be too strongly recommended. A work like this, which simply states our principles, without entering particularly upon the discussion of the grounds on which they rest, will oftentimes be more effectual in removing prejudice than those of a specially controversial character.

A short history of the first beginning and progress of the Protestant religion, gathered out of the best Protestant writers, by way of question and answer. By Rt. Rev. Dr. Challoner. N. York: D. & J. Sadlier: Balto: J. Murphy. 18mo. pp. 72.

The name of Dr. Challoner should be a sufficient guarantee in the eyes of the public, that this history is replete with solid information, and may be relied on as a faithful exposition of the events which it professes to relate; but there is one feature about it which will make it a trusty source of information among all persons, and will remove from its statements the slightest suspicion of partiality, and that is the fact of its having been compiled from Protestant authorities, whose testimony on this subject is unimpeachable. This circumstance alone should suffice to obtain for the work a wide circulation.

The Life of our Lord Jesus Christ, with moral reflections, &c., by Rev. H. Rutter. N. York: R. Martin & Co. 4to.

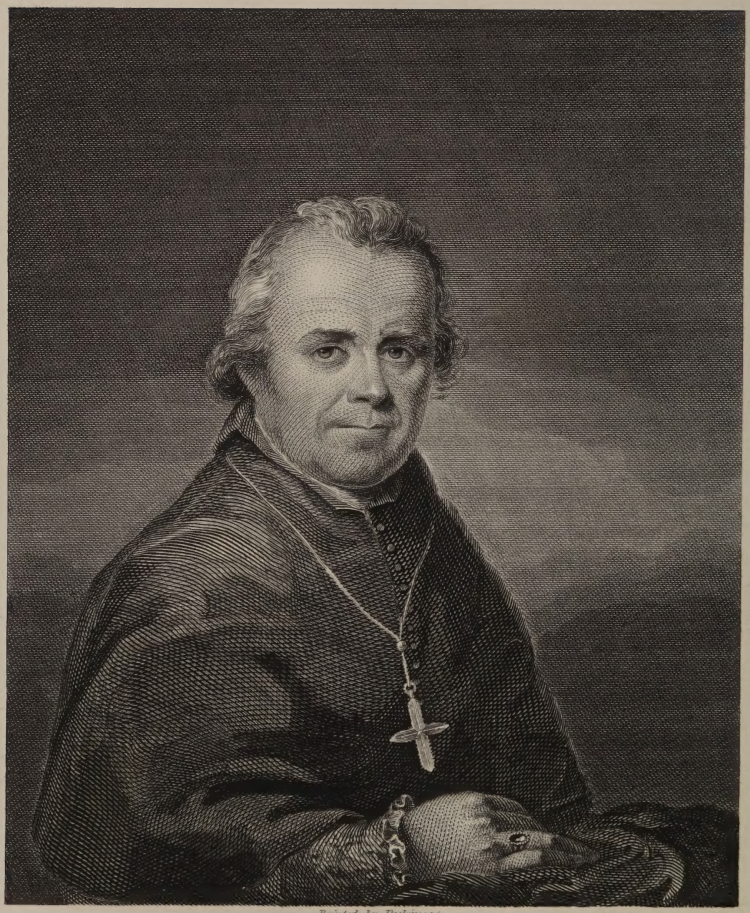
We have received this valuable publication as far as No. 13 inclusively, and are glad to perceive that it is advancing to a state of completion. It is ornamented with many handsome engravings, and is in every respect deserving of public patronage.

Dunigan's Illustrated edition of the Bible, according to the Doway and Rhemish versions. New York: Edward Dunigan. Balto: J. Murphy.

This splendid undertaking has at length been completed, embracing twenty-four numbers, which have been successively forwarded to us. As a family Bible, this edition certainly surpasses every other that has made its appearance in this country. The records for births, marriages, deaths, &c. are executed in the most beautiful style, and the other departments of the work correspond with them in elegance. We congratulate the publisher on the successful issue of this magnificent edition of the Scriptures, and hope that it will be duly appreciated by the community for whom it has been prepared.

Lingard's History of England.—The American edition of the History of England, by the Rev. Dr. Lingard, being exhausted, a new and revised one is now being published in London under the immediate supervision of the author, who has made many important additions to it, which renders it in a great measure a new work. F. Lucas, Jr. is making arrangements to publish it at a price so reasonable as to enable persons in every situation to procure a copy of a work which has a reputation so high as to entitle it to be considered one of the best Histories of England that has been written.

A prospectus of the plan will in a short time be laid before the public for their patronage.



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first Bishop of Boston.
Subsequently, Archbishop of Bordeaux, & Cardinal.

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